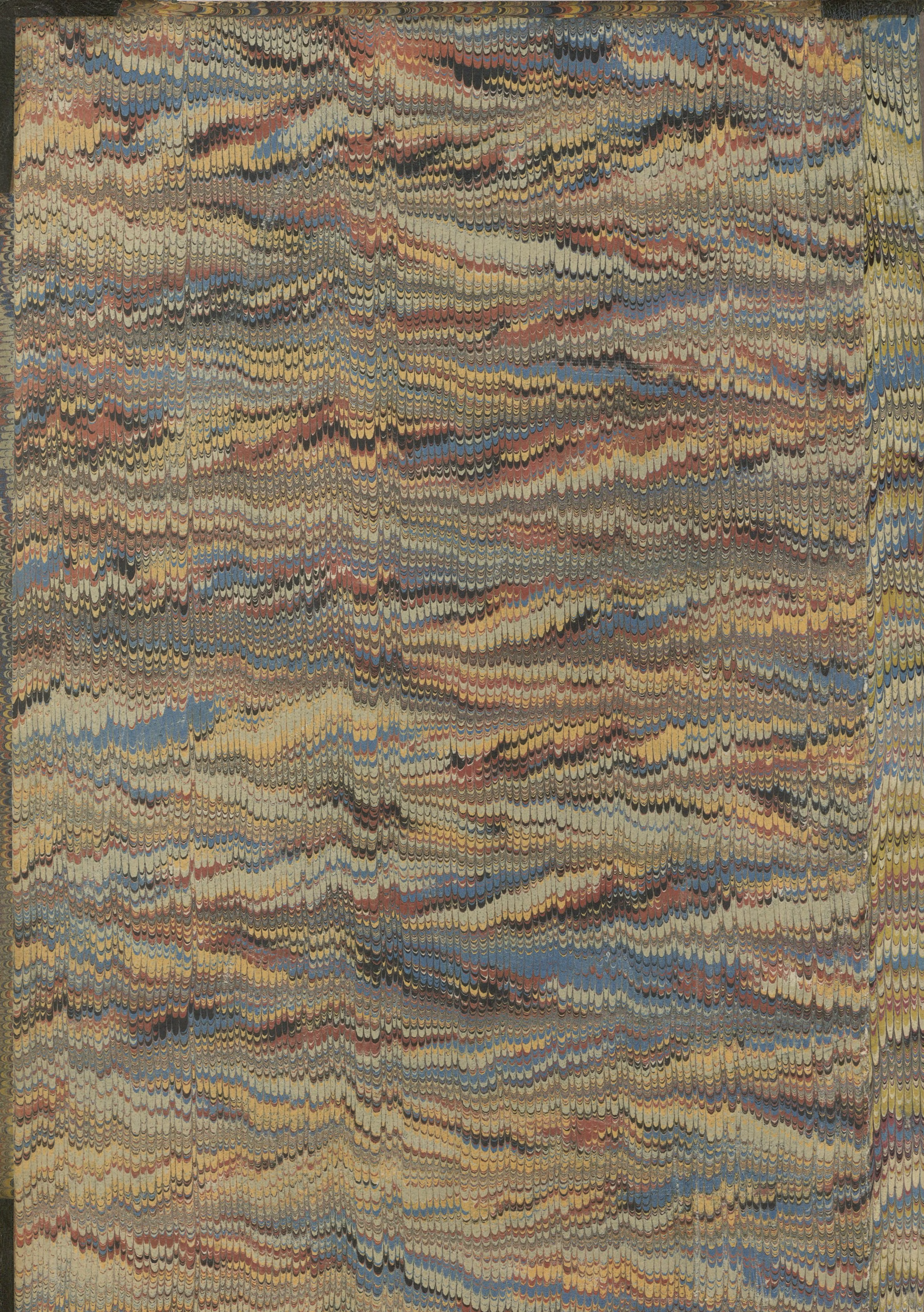
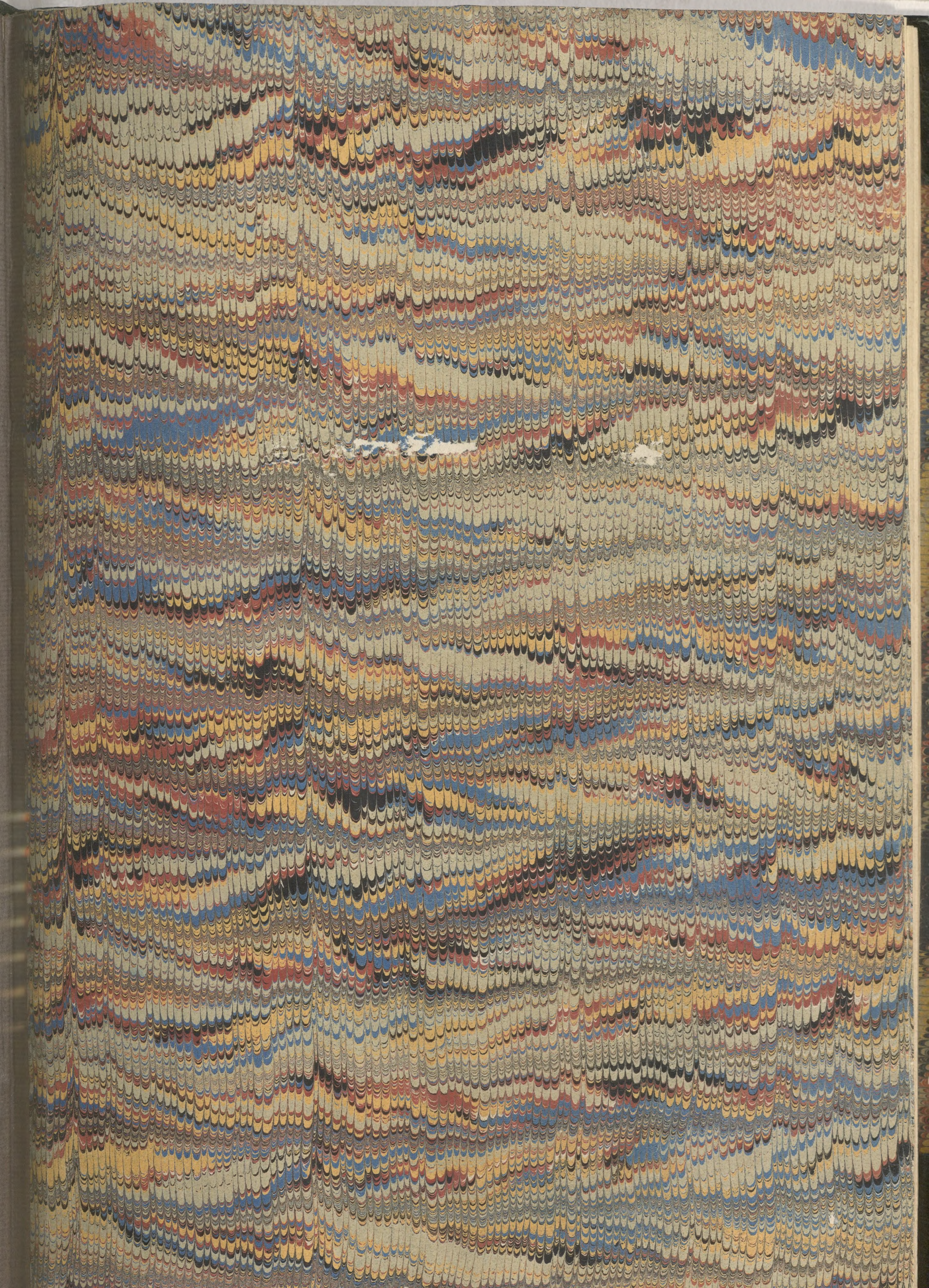


I.G.23

I.G.23.
1161









TO THE GREAT HOPE OF PRESENT AN

Times, HENRIE Prince of Wales, Duke of

Earle of the Countie Palatine of Chester, Knight of the Honourable Order of
the Garter, Heyre Apparant to the Realmes of England,
Scotland, France and Ireland.

Most Excellent Prince, The strength of our Art, (If should
say, the weakenes,) cannot endure the force of Soueraigne
Vertue come neare it, we may, as neare as to you, your
Eares will yet beare to deale with soundes, though not to
dwell there, yet to passe by them, and by them to learn to tune
senses in a riper age. Almost all our knowledge is drawne through the
senses, they are the Soules Intelligencers, whereby she passeth into the world,
and the world into her, and amongst all of them, there is none so learned, as
the eare, none hath obtained so excellent an Art, so delicate, so abstruse,
so spirituall, that it catcheth up wilde soundes in the Aire, and bringes the
under a gouvernement not to be expressed, but done, and done by no skill but
it owne. There is Musicke in all thinges, but euery man cannot finde it out,
because of his owne iarring, hee must haue a harmony in himselfe, that shold
goe about it, and then he is in a good way, as he that hath a good eare, is in a
good forwardnes to our facultie. Conceite is but a well tunde fancy, done in
time and place. An excellent sentence, is but a well tunde reason well knit
together, Politie or the subiect therof, a Common wealth, is but a well tunde
Song where all partes doe agree, and meete together, with full consent and
harmony, one seruing other, and euery one themselves in the same labour.
But now I intrude into your Art, in which all pray (and see hopes) that God
will giue you a godly and prosperous knowledge, and then all other Artes
shal prosper vnder it. Our gracious Soueraign (Your Highnes dear Father)
bath warmed and comforted some great professions already, such little ones
as this, looke for it, and beg it of you, your princely nature promiseth it, which
makes my boldnes hope for pardon; Vouchsafe me (most excellent Prince)
your Protection; whome you allow, all others will commend, their censures
wait vpon your liking, that otherwise wold despise me. Euen your name in the
forefront is a charme for malicious tongus. Thus praying, that your Highnes
may alwayes haue an eare able to endure and distinguish, the sound of truth,
I kneele at your Highnes feet.

Your Highnes in all humble
dutie and seruice

ROBERT

JONES

1776 02 08 1101
1776 300
347



To the silent Hearer.



The kinde Applause wherewith I haue beene rewarded in my former Ayres, by such Gentlemen as came by the eare, & are not other mens Echoes; hath now third time giuen me heart from them to hope for like in these which I haue composed, euen to thew gratitude towardes them, I know euery Father is partiall on issue of his body, and hauing his iudgement corrupted by his son, is wont to speake his Childrens prayses, according to his own fires, rather then their deserts. It may be, I haue thus overlooked issue of my braine, wherefore, I will onely commend my purpose to make this last my best, expecting to reade the truth of my selfe in thy report. And because I am not ignorant enough, to bee galled or taxed by any of our cunning Maisters, nor bigge enough to be tolerated or enuyed, I hope I shall not be driuen to enquire out my enemies, to heare of my faults, nor to bespeake my friendes fauour. howsoeuer I am set in an vnderfortune, that hath need of friends yet if my workes cannot iustifie me, my wordes shall not, I had rather dye a begger, then liue a boaster: what skill, time, and my constant practise hath giuen me, here I gladly impart to euery wel-will grauntes me but acceptance for my paines, And so I commend selfe to thy censure, Farewell.

Robert Iones.





A TABLE CONTAINING

all the Songs in this
BOOKE.

- 1 **D**Oe not, O do not prize thy beautie.
- 2 Beantie sate bathing by a spring.
- 3 Goe to bed sweete Muz, take thy rest.
- 4 Shall I looke to ease my grieffe.
- 5 What fff sped where I least expected.
- 6 Sweete if you like and loue me still.
- 7 Sease troubled thoughts to sigh.
- 8 Scinthia Queene of Seas and Lands.
- 9 Blame not my cheekes.
- 10 There is a Garden in her face.
- 11 Sweete Loue my onely Treasure.
- 12 Thinkst thou Kate to put me downe.
- 13 When will the fountaine of my teares be drye.
- 14 Flye from the world.
- 15 Happy he who to sweete home retirde.

These following are for 2. Trebles.

- 16 Disdaine that so doth fill me.
- 17 Now let her change and spare not.
- 18 Since iust disdaine began to rise.
- 19 At her fayre hands how haue I grace intreated.
- 20 Oft haue I muz de the cause to finde.
- 21 Now haue I learnd with much a doo at last.



To the silent Hearer.



He kinde Applause wherewith I haue beene rewarded in my former Ayres, by such Gentlemen as can iudge, by the eare, & are not other mens Echoes; hath now this third time giuen me heart from them to hope for the like in these which I haue composed, euen to shew my gratitude towards them, I know euery Father is partiall ouer the issue of his body, and hauing his iudgement corrupted by his affection, is wont to speake his Childrens prayses, according to his own desires, rather then their deserts. It may be, I haue thus overlooked this issue of my braine, wherefore, I will onely commend my purpose, to make this last my best, expecting to reade the truth of my selfe out of thy report. And because I am not ignorant enough, to bee grossely taxed by any of our cunning Maisters, nor bigge enough to be flattered or enuyed, I hope I shall not be driuen to enquire out my enemies, to heare of my faults, nor to bespeake my friendes fauours. For howsoeuer I am set in an vnderfortune, that hath need of friendship, yet if my workes cannot iustifie me, my wordes shall not, I had rather dye a begger, then liue a boaster: what skill, time, and my continuall practise hath giuen me, here I gladly impart to euery wel-willer, that grauntes me but acceptance for my paines, And so I commit my selfe to thy censure, Farewell.

Robert Iones.





A TABLE CONTAINING

all the Songs in this
BOOKE.

- 1 **D**Oe not, O do not prize thy beautie.
- 2 Beautie sate bathing by a spring.
- 3 Goe to bed sweete Muz, take thy rest.
- 4 Shall I looke to ease my griefe.
- 5 What fff sped where I least expected.
- 6 Sweete if you like and loue me still.
- 7 Sease troubled thoughts to sigh.
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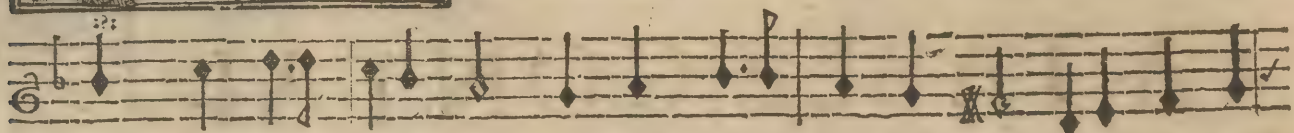
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- 21 Now haue I learnd with much a doo at last.

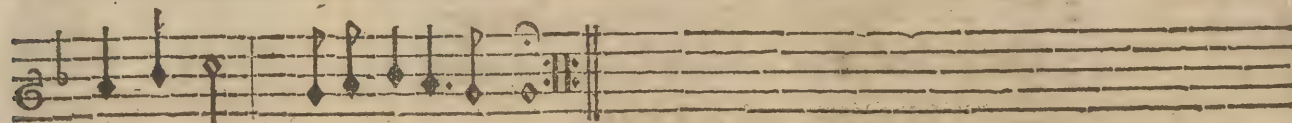
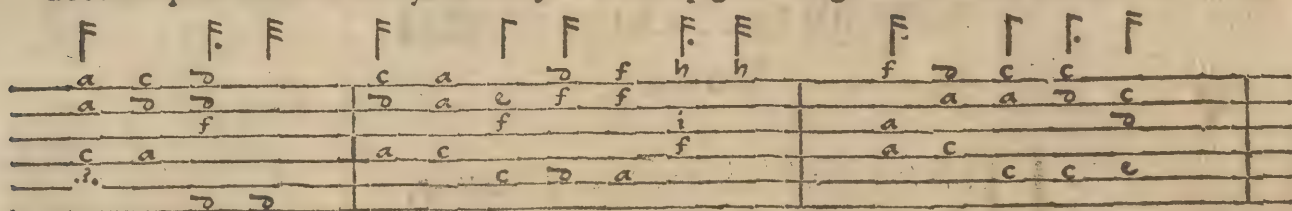
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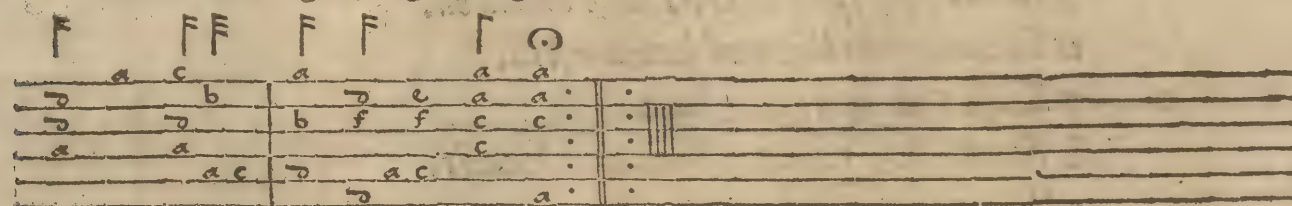
Oe not, O doe not prize thy beauty at too high a rate,
Loue to be lou'd whilst thou art lovely, least thou loue too late,



Frownes print wrinkles in thy browes, at which spightfull age doth smile, women in their



froward vovves, glory-ing to be-guile.



2

Wert thou the onely worlds admired, thou canst loue but one,
And many haue before beene lou'd, thou art not lou'd alone.

Couldst thou speake with heauenly grace,

Sapho might with thee compare:

Blush the *Roses* in thy face,

Rozamond was as faire.

3

Pride is the canker that consumeth beautie in her prime,

They that delight in long debating feeke the curse of time,

All things with the time do change,

That will not the time obey,

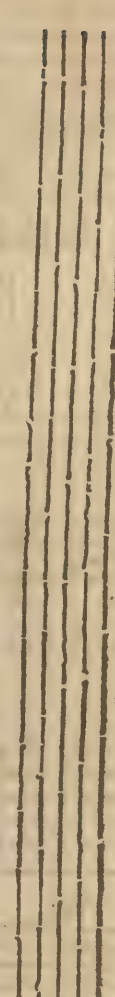
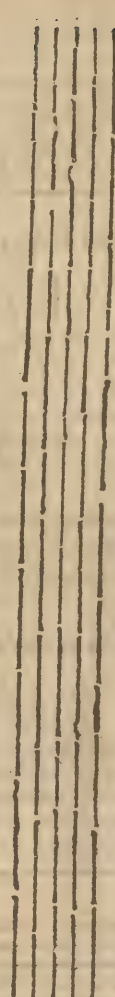
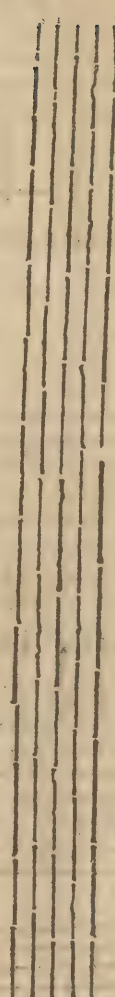
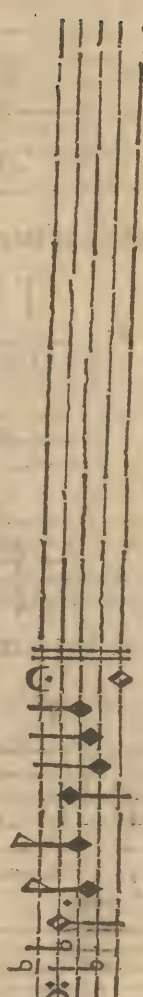
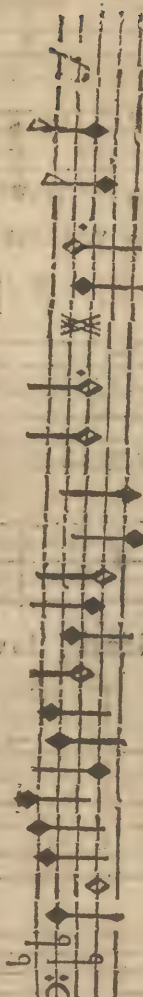
Some euen to themselves seeme strange,

Therowe their owne delay.

BASS.



Do not, O do not prize thy beauty, &c.



B. 2

CANTVS.

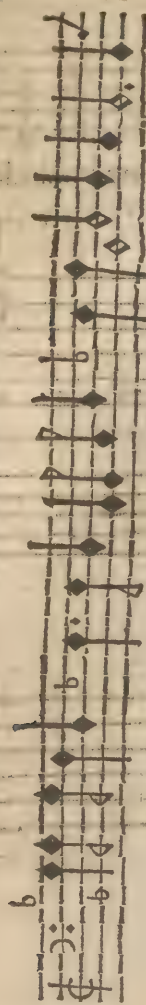
Robert Jones.

II.

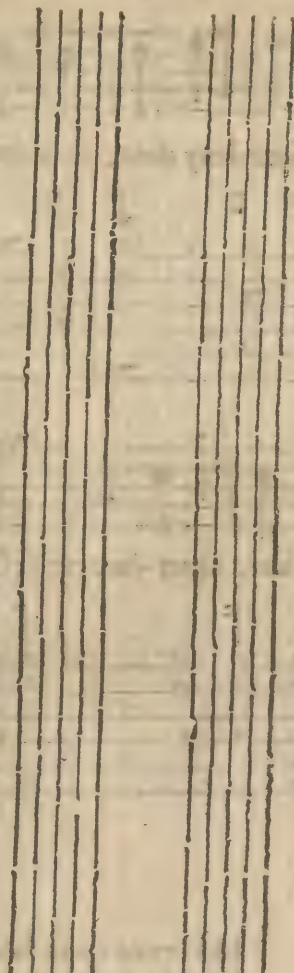
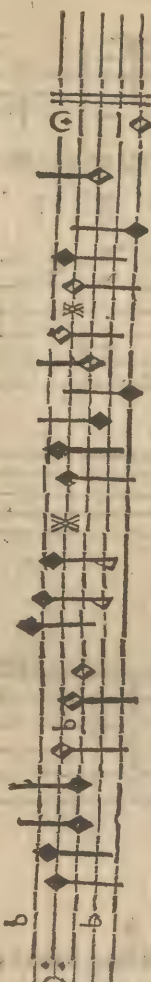
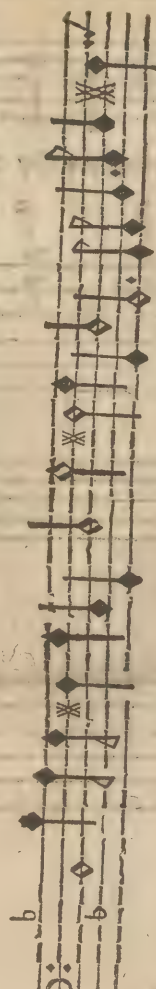
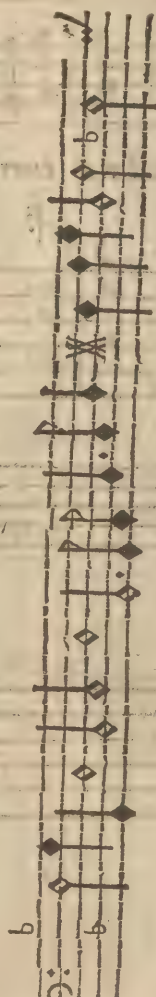
Beaute fete bathing by a spring where fairest shades did hide her, the windes blew
calme, the birds did sing, The coole streames ranne beside her, My wanton thoughtes in-
tiste my eye to see what was for bidden, but better me-mory cride fie, so vaine delights were
chidden.

2 Into a slumber then I fell,
But fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell
Her feature or her fashion.
But even as babes in dreames do smile
And sometime fall aweeping:
So I awakt as wise the while
As when I fell asleeping.

BASSVS.



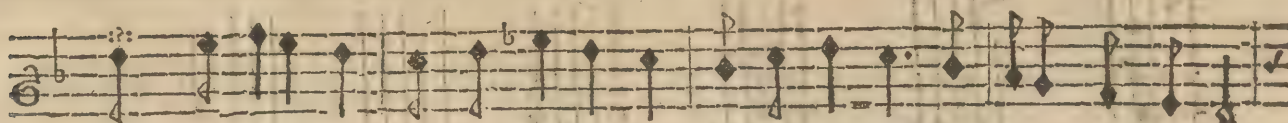
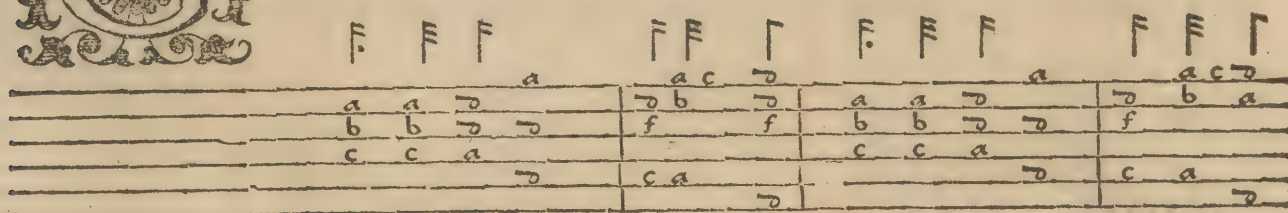
Beauty late bathing, &c.



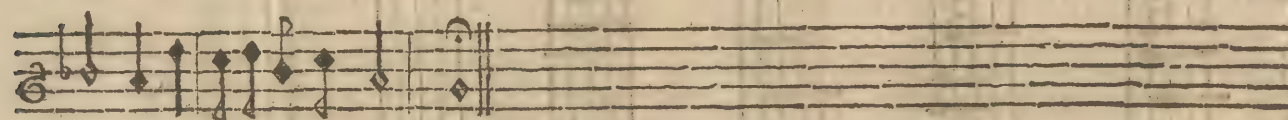
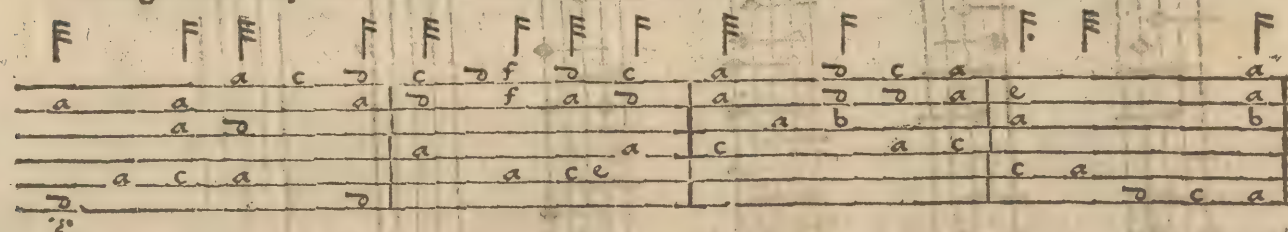
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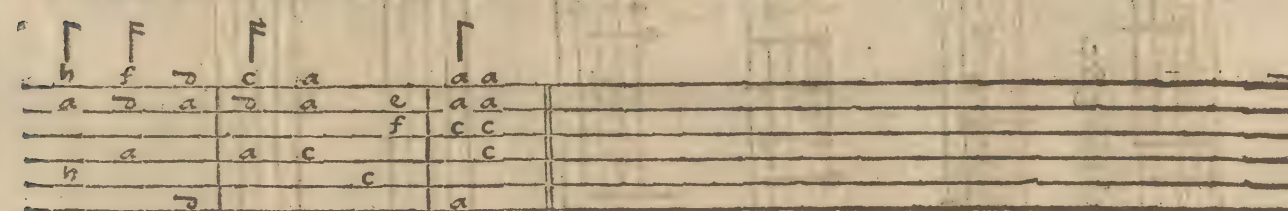
Oe to bed sweete Muz take thy rest, Let not thy soule bee so oppress



Though shee deny thee, shee doth but trie thee, whether thy mind will euer proue vnkinde:



O loue is but a bitter-sweete Iest.

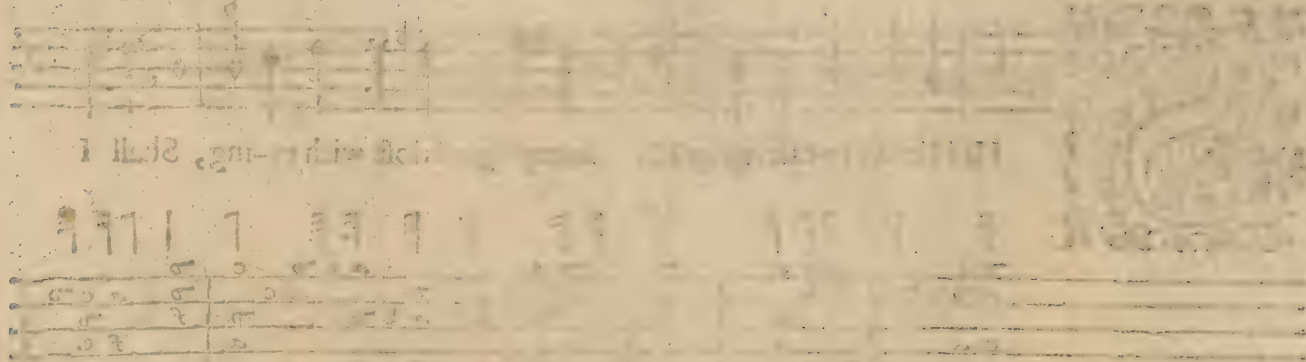


2

Muze not vpon her smiling lookes,
 Thinke that they are but baited hookes,
 Loue is a fancy,
 Loue is a Franzy,
 Let not a toy,
 Then breed thee such annoy,
 But leaue to looke vpon such fond bookes.

3

Learne to forget such idle toyes,
 Fitter for youthes, and youthfull boyes,
 Let not one sweete smile
 Thy true loue beguile,
 Let not a frowne
 For euer cast thee downe,
 Then sleepe and go to bed in these ioyes.



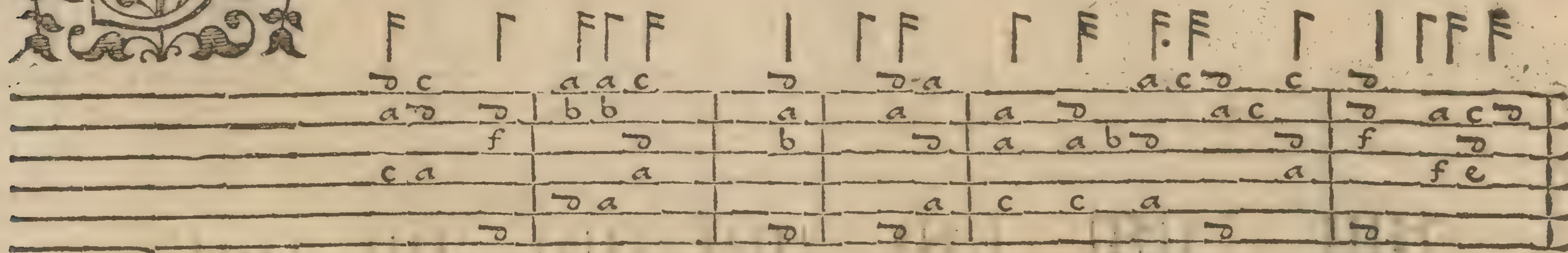
BASSVS.

Go to bed sweet Muzetake thy rest, &c.

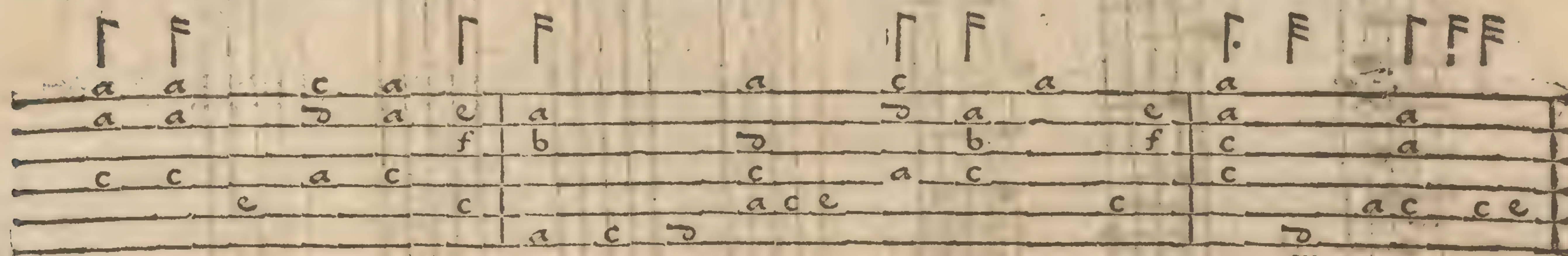
Wm. Robertson
Compositor
of
Musick
in
the
City
of
London
1711



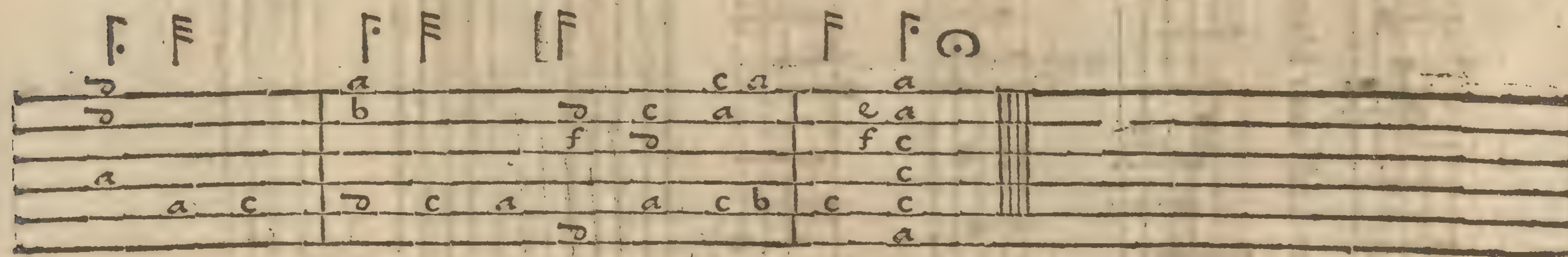
Hall I looke to ease my grieffe, no my sight is lost with ey-ing, Shall I



speake and begge reliefe, no, my voyce is hoarse with cry-ing: what remaines,



what remaines, what remaines, but onely dying.



2
Loue and I of late did part,
But the boy my peace enuying,
Like a Parthian threw his dart
Backward, and did wound me flying:
What remaines but onely dying.

4
Shall I trye her thoughts and write,
No, I haue no meanes of trying:
If I should yet at first sight
She would answere with denying.
What remaines but onely dying.

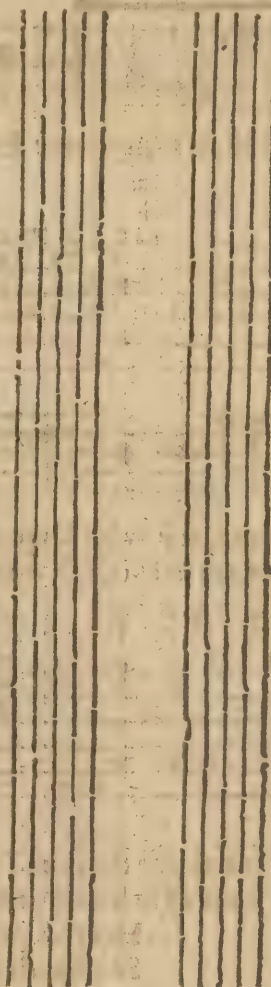
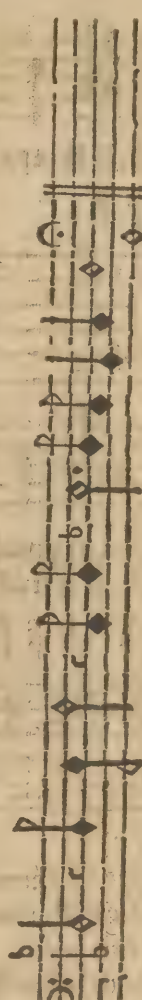
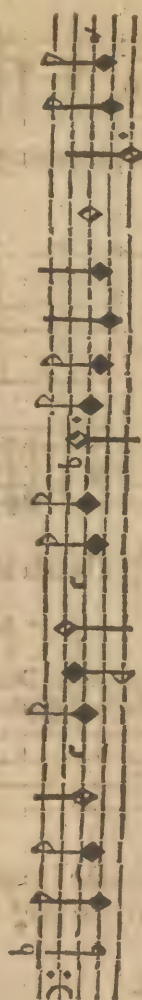
3
She whome then I looked on,
My remembrance beautifying
Stayes with me, though I am gone,
Gone, and at her mercy lying.
What remaines but onely dying.

5
Thus my vitall breath doth waste,
And my bloud with sorrow drying,
Sighes and teares, make life to last
For a while, their place supplying,
What remaines but onely dying.

BASSVS.

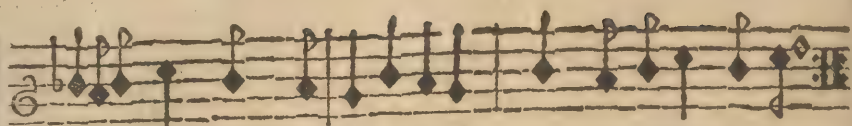


Shall I looke to ease my grieffe? &c.

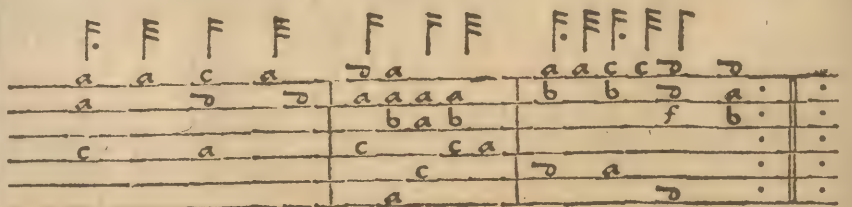


D

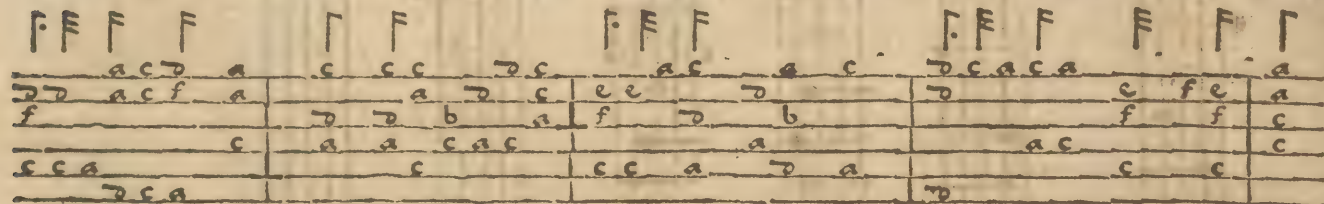




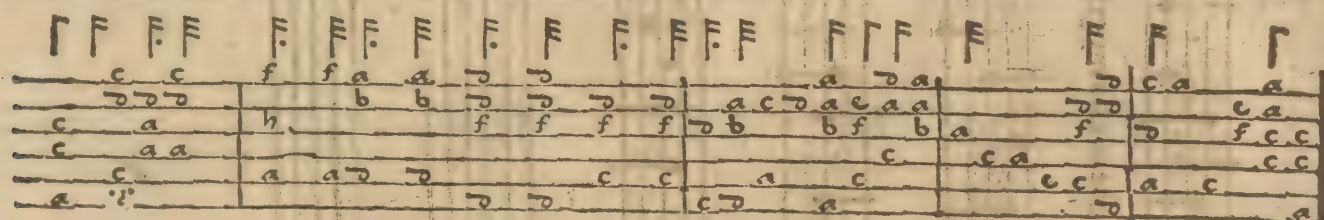
Hat if I sped where I least expected, what shall I say? shall I lye?
What if I must where I most affected, what shall I do, shall I dye?



No, no, Ile haue at all, tis as my game doth fall, If I keepe my meaning close, I may hit how ere it goes,



For time & I do meane to try what hope doth lye in youth, Fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la, fa la la.
The minds that doubt are in & out, & women flout at truth:



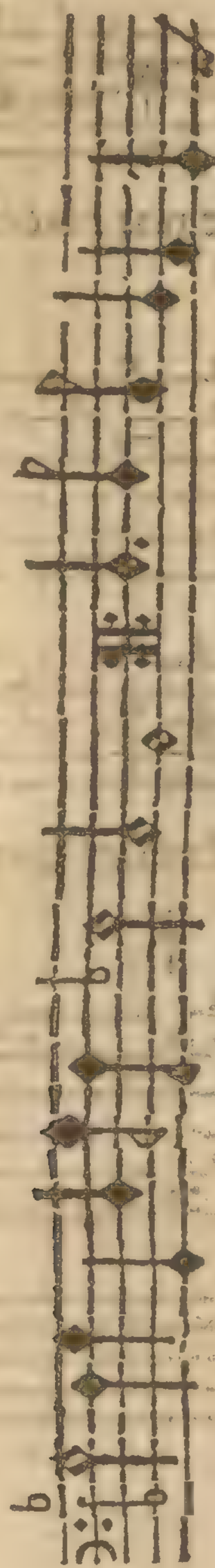
- 2 She whome about the skies I renowned, she whome I loued, shee,
Can she leaue all in leathe drowned, can she be coy to me?

Her passions are but cold,
She stands and doth beholde,
She retaines her lookes estrangde,
As if heauen and earth were changde.
I speake she heares,
I touch, she feares,
Herein appeares her wit, fa la la:
I catch, she flies,
I hold she cries,
And still denies, and yet fa la la.

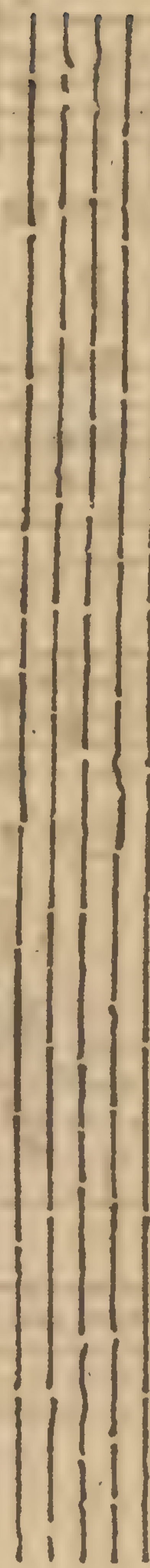
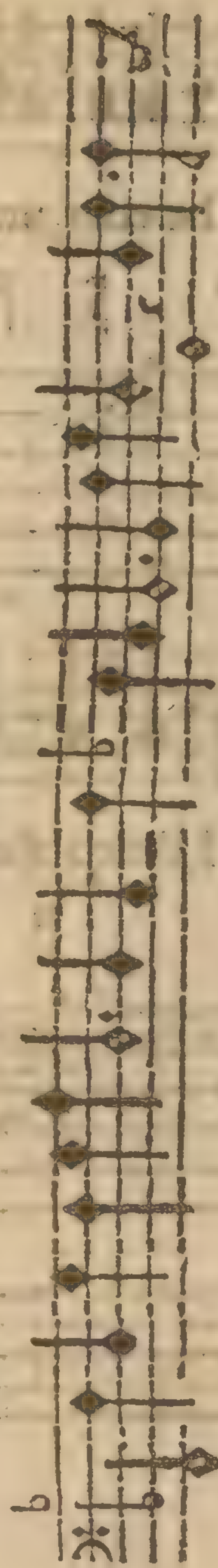
- 3 May not a wanton looke like a woman, tell me the reason why?
And if a blinde man chance of a birdes nest, must he be prating? fye:

What mortall strength can keepe,
That's got as in a sleeper?
The felony is his
That brags of a stolne kis:
For when we met,
Both in a net,
That Vulcan set, were hid, fa, la la la:
And so god wot
We did it not,
Or else forgot we did. Fa la la la.

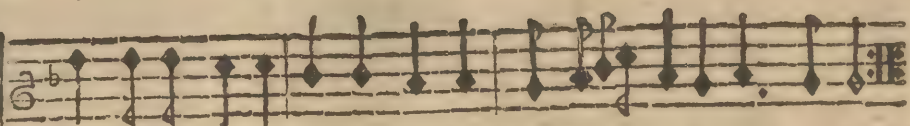
BASS V.



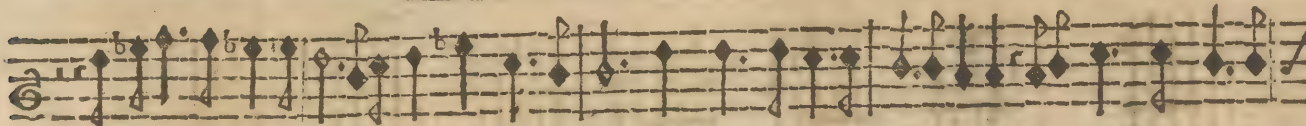
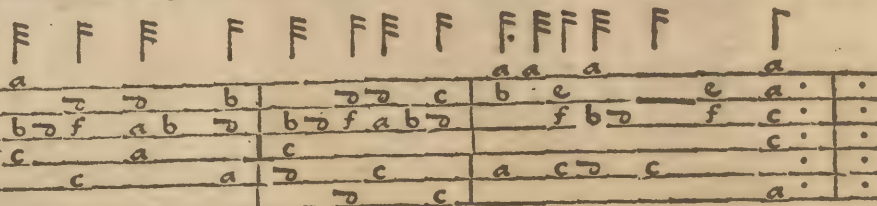
What if I sped where I least expected, &c.



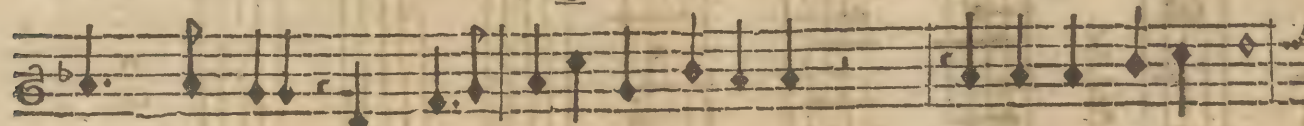
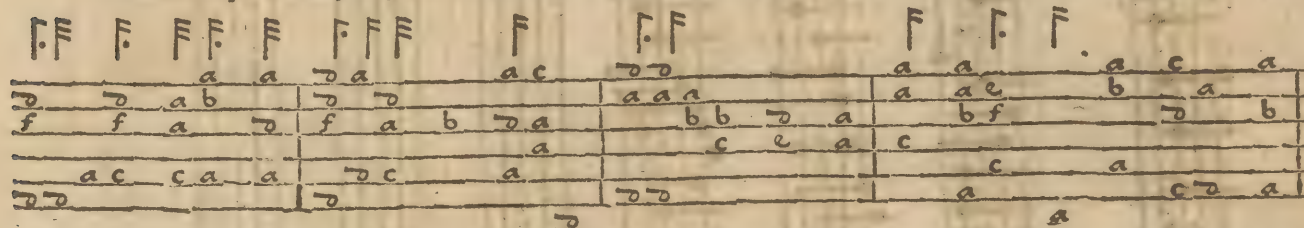
D²



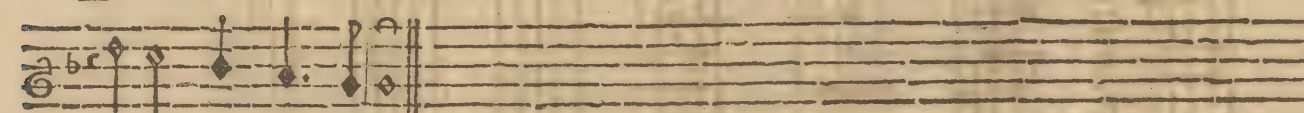
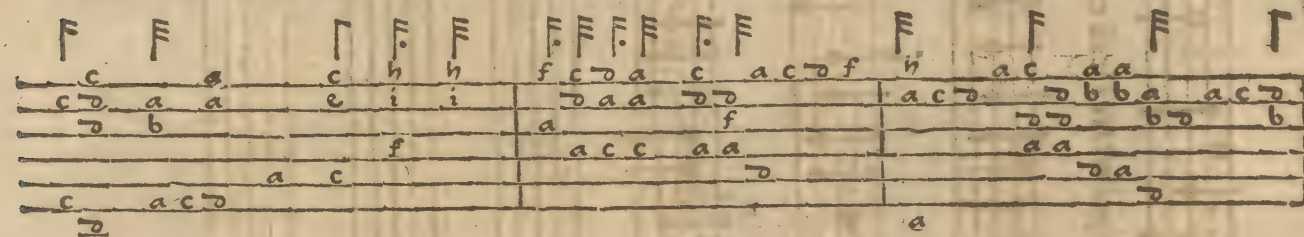
Weet if you like & loue me stil, And yeeld me loue for my good wil,
And do not frō your promise start, whē your fair hād gaue me your hart.



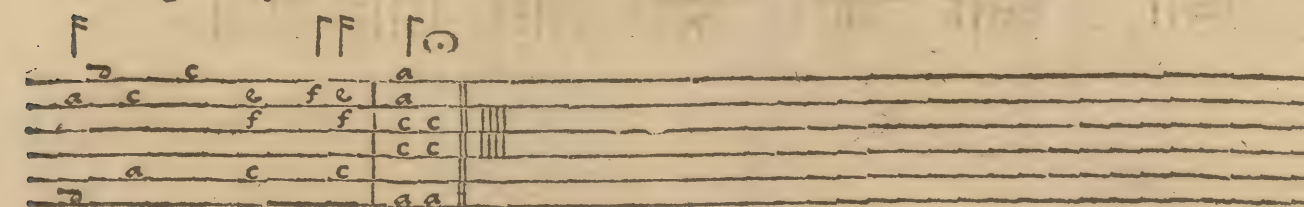
If dear to you I be, As you are dear to me, then yours I am, & wil be euer, no time nor place my



loue shall seuer, but faithfull still I will per-se-uer, Like constant Marble stone,



Louing but you alone.



2
But if you fauour moe then one,
(Who loues thee still, and none but thee,)
If others do the haruest gaine,
That's due to me for all my paine:
Yet that you loue to range,
And oft to chop and change.
Then get you some new fangled mater
My doring loue shall turne to hate,
Esteeming you (though too too late)
Not worth a peble stone,
Louing not me alone.

Handwritten musical notation on staves, including notes, rests, and clefs.

BASSVS

Sweete if you loue and like me still, &c.

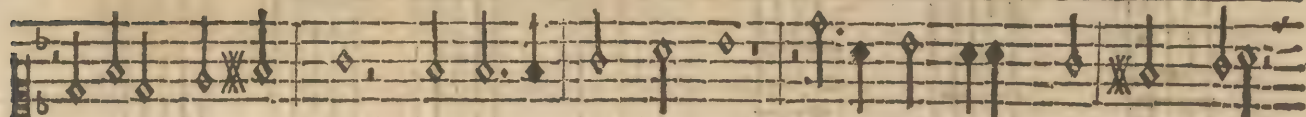


Handwritten musical notation on staves, including notes, rests, and clefs.

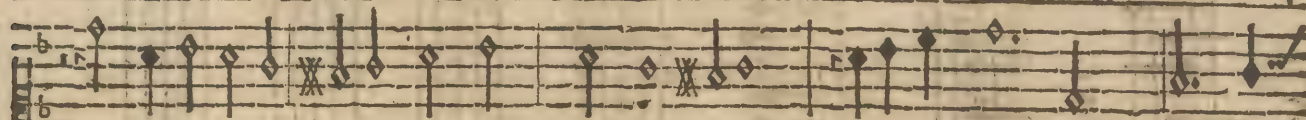
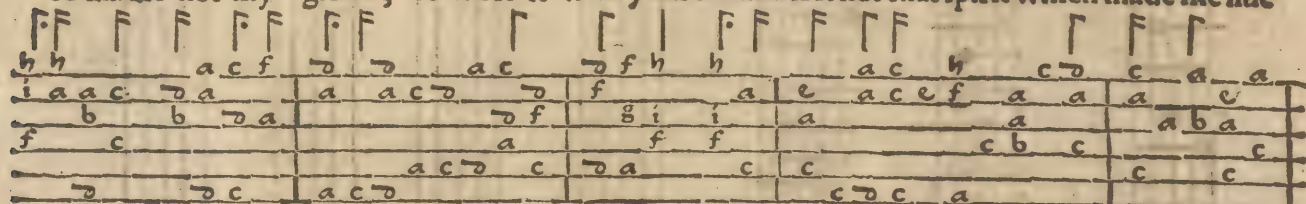
For the whole service
Of all my w
That is not
And I will be
From which I have
With my hand
I am not
I am not



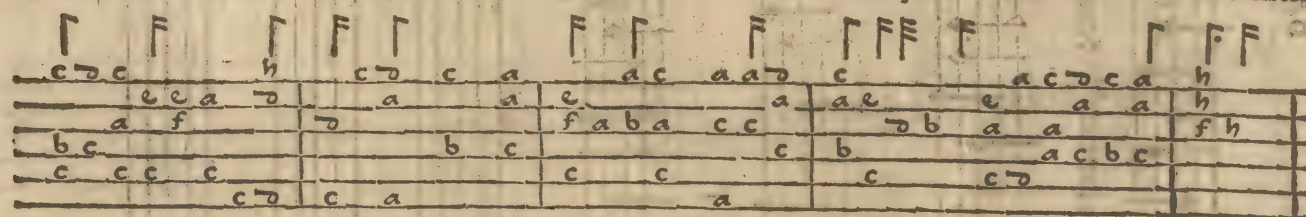
Cease troubled thoughtes to sigh, to sigh, or sigh your selues to death,



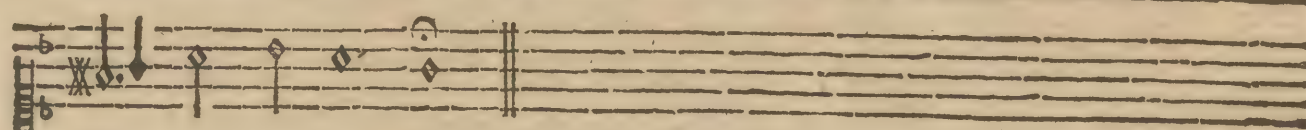
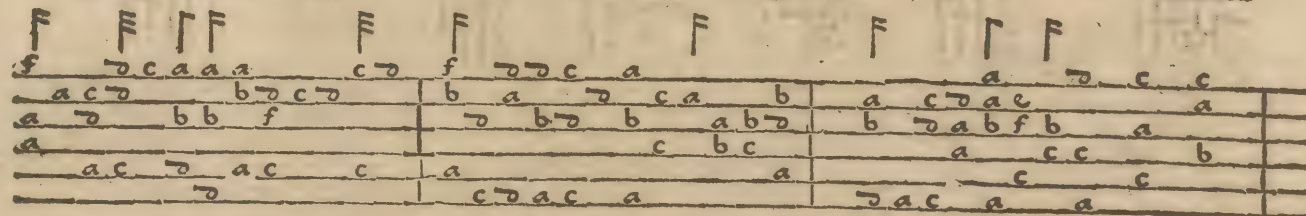
or kindle not my grieve, or coole it with your breath: Let not that spirit which made me liue



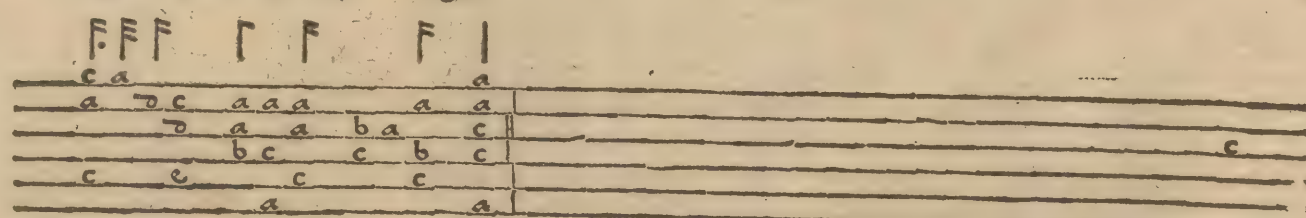
seeke thus vn timersly to depriue mee of my life vnequall strife, that breath which



gaue mee beeing should hasten mee to dying, .ii. should

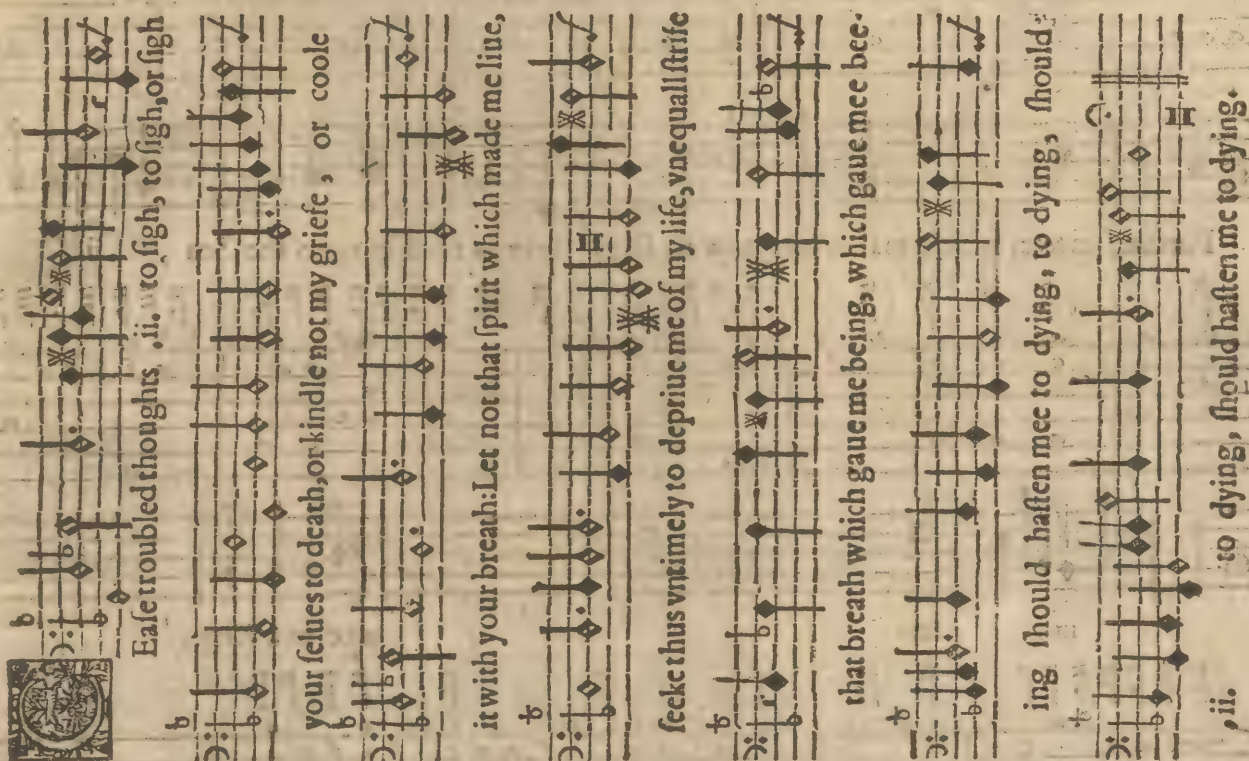


hasten mee to dy- ing.



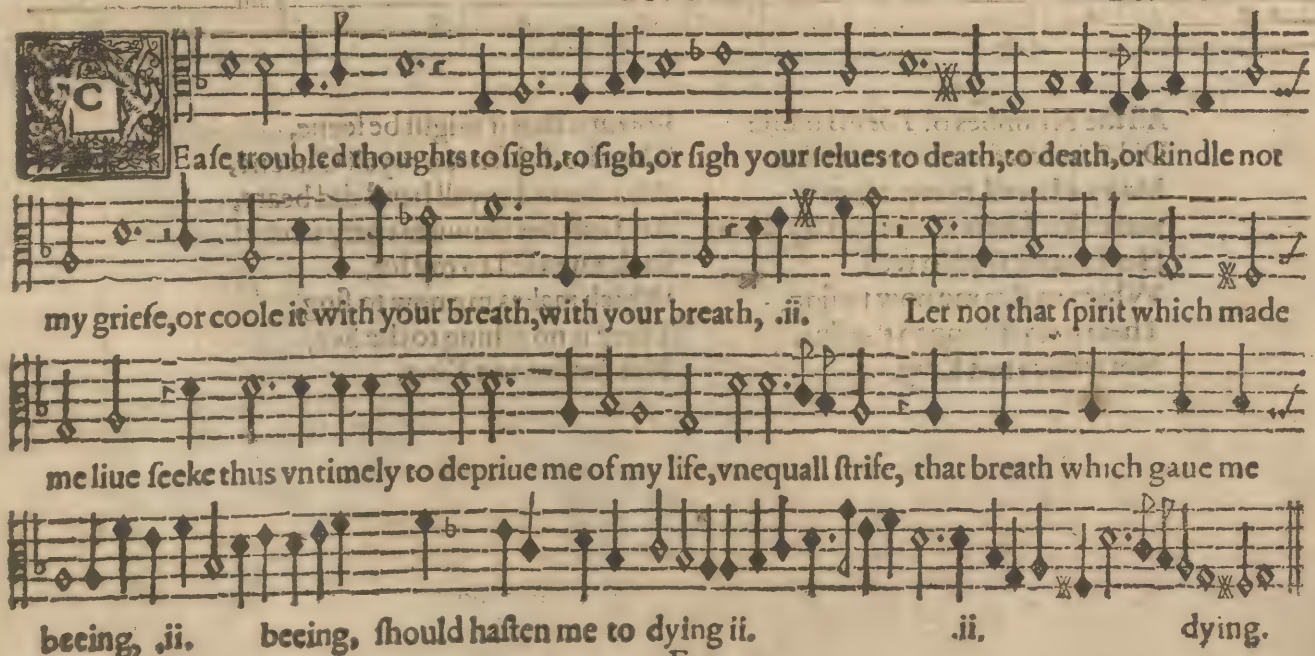
2
Cease melting tears to streame, stop your vnecessant course,
Which to my sorrowes childe are like a fruitfull Nurse,
From whence death liuing, comfort drawes,
And I my selfe appeare the cause
Of all my woe,
But tis not so;
For she whose beutie won mee,
By falshood hath vndone mee.

BASSVS.



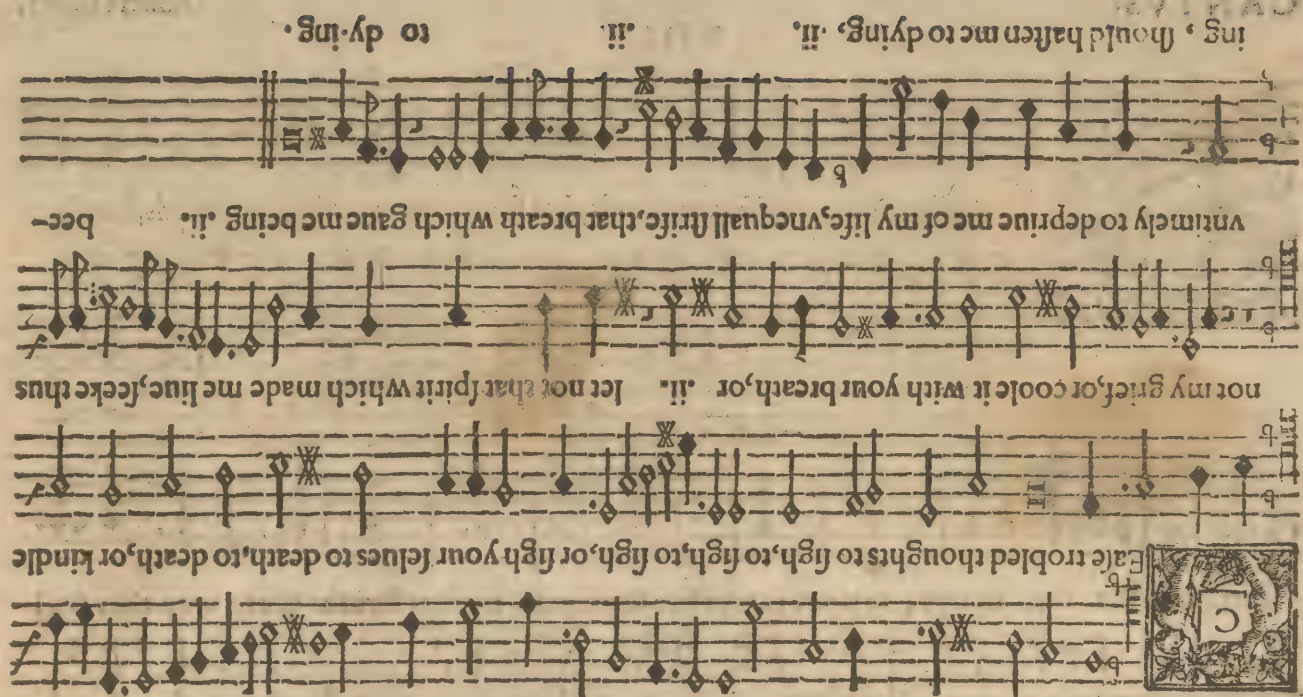
Ease troubled thoughts .ii. to sigh, to sigh, or sigh
 your selues to death, or kinde not my grieffe, or coole
 it with your breath: Let not that spirit which made me liue,
 seeke thus vntimely to depriue me of my life, vnequall strife
 that breath which gaue me being, which gaue mee bee-
 ing should hasten mee to dying, to dying, should
 .ii. to dying, should hasten me to dying.

TENOR.



Ease troubled thoughts to sigh, to sigh, or sigh your selues to death, to death, or kinde not
 my grieffe, or coole it with your breath, with your breath, .ii. Let not that spirit which made
 me liue seeke thus vntimely to depriue me of my life, vnequall strife, that breath which gaue me
 being, .ii. being, should hasten me to dying ii. .ii. dying.

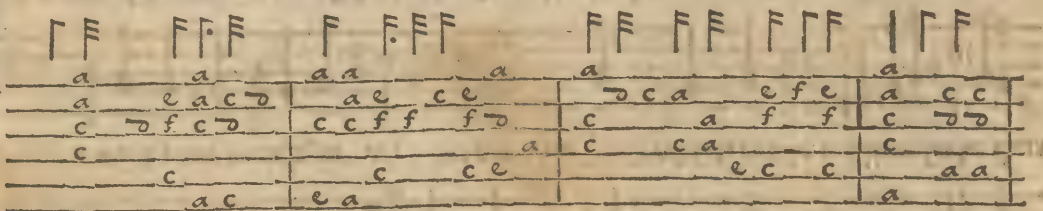
ALTS.



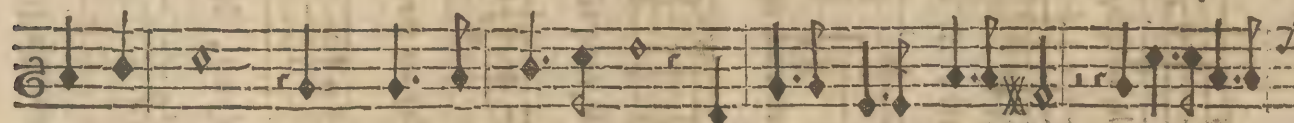
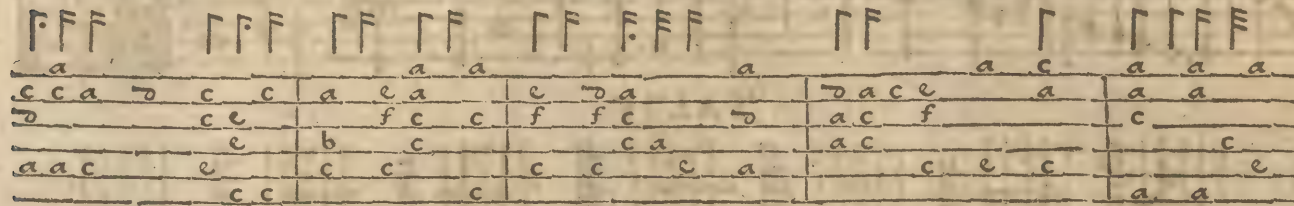
Ease troubled thoughts to sigh, to sigh, or sigh your selues to death, to death, or kinde
 not my grieffe, or coole it with your breath, or .ii. Let not that spirit which made me liue, seeke thus
 vntimely to depriue me of my life, vnequall strife, that breath which gaue me being .ii. bee-
 ing, should hasten me to dying, .ii. to dying.



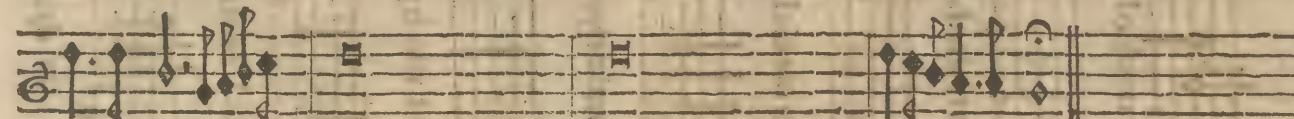
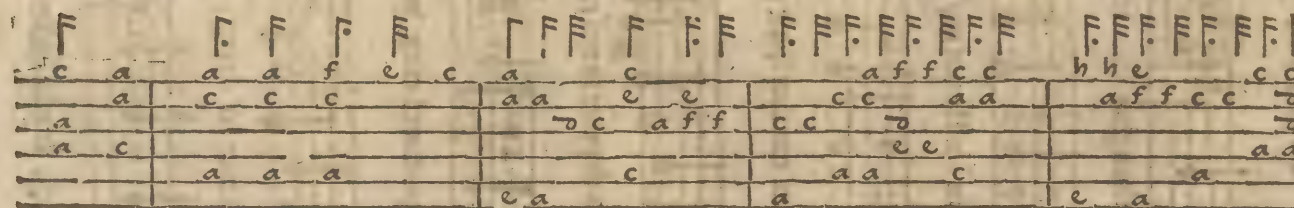
Cynthia Queene of seas and lands, that fortune euery where cōmands, sent forth



fortuneto the sea, to trye, to trye, to trye her fortune, to trye her fortune euery way: ther did I



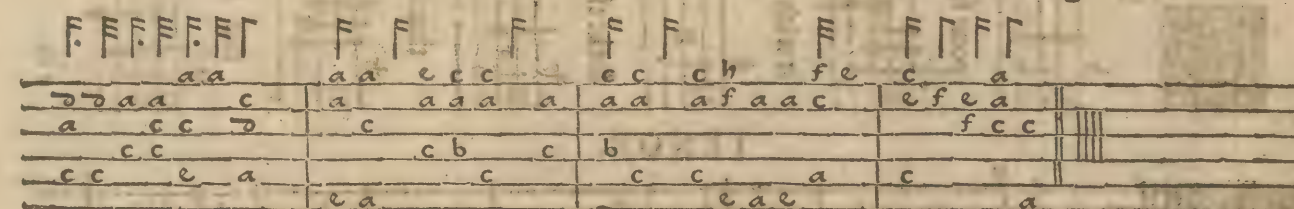
Fortune meete, which makes mee now to sing, there is no fishing to the Sea, .ii.



nor

ser-

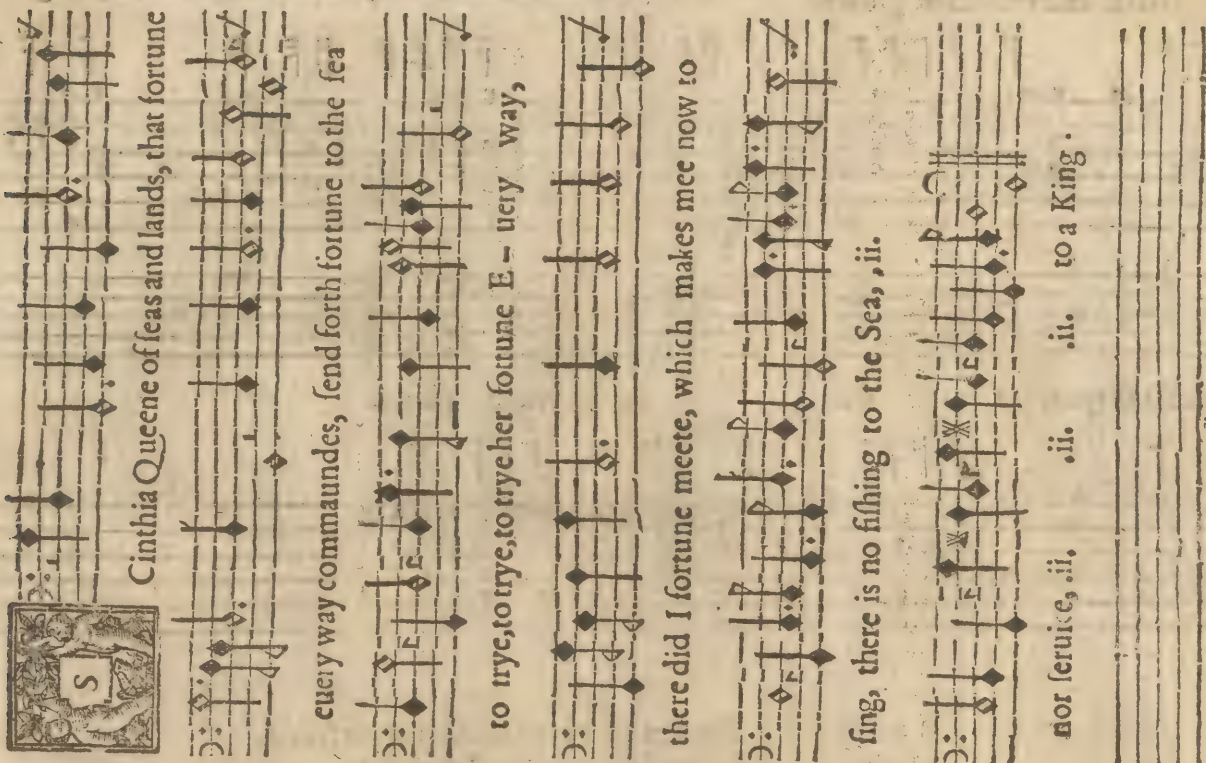
uice to a King.



All the Nimphes of *Theatis* traine
 Did *Scinthias* fortune entertaine:
 Many a Iewell, many a Iem
 was to her fortune brought by them:
 Her fortune sped so well,
 Whicn makes me now to sing,
 There is no fishing to the Sea,
 Nor seruice to a King.

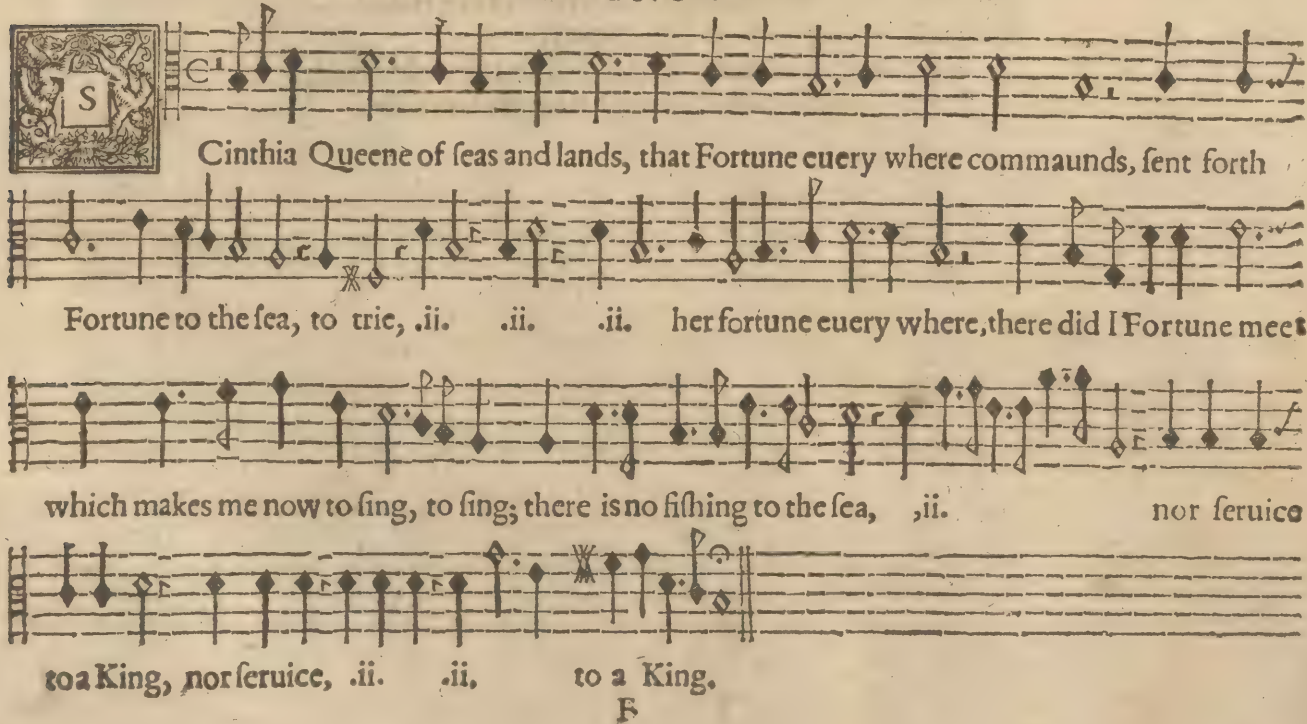
Fortune that it might be scene,
 That she did serue a royall Queene,
 A franke and royall hand did beare,
 And cast her fauoures euery where:
 Such toyes fell to my lot,,
 Which makes me now to sing,
 There is no fishing to the Sea,
 Nor seruice to a King.

BASSVS.



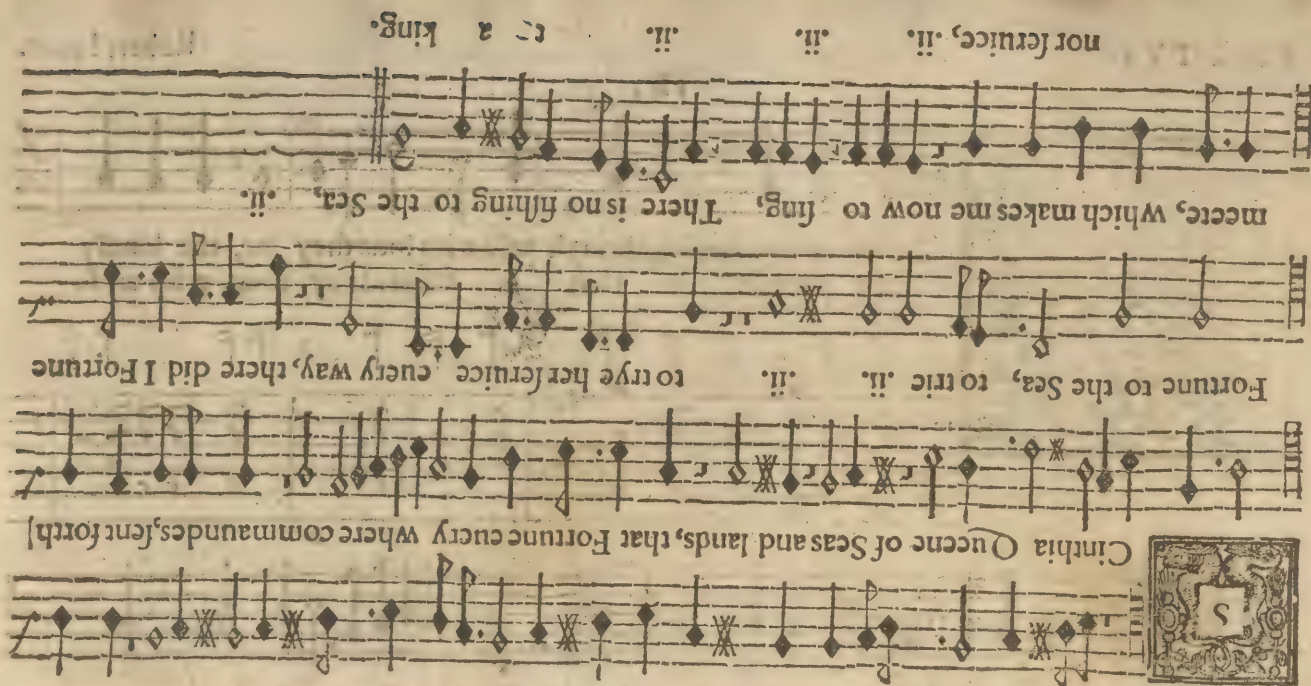
Cynthia Queene of seas and lands, that fortune
 euery way commaundes, send forth fortune to the sea
 to trye, to trye, to trye her fortune E- uery way,
 there did I fortune mee, which makes mee now to
 sing, there is no fishing to the Sea, .ii.
 nor seruice, .ii. .ii. to a King.

TENOR.



Cynthia Queene of seas and lands, that Fortune euery where commaundes, sent forth
 Fortune to the sea, to trie, .ii. .ii. her fortune euery where, there did I Fortune mee
 which makes me now to sing, to sing; there is no fishing to the sea, .ii. nor seruice
 to a King, nor seruice, .ii. .ii. to a King.

ALTVS.



Cynthia Queene of Seas and lands, that Fortune euery where commaundes, sent forth
 Fortune to the Sea, to trie .ii. to trye her seruice, euery way, there did I Fortune
 mee, which makes me now to sing, There is no fishing to the Sea, .ii.
 nor seruice, .ii. .ii. to a king.



Lame not my cheekes, though pale with loue they be, the kindly
To cherish it that is dismaide by thee, who art so

(Musical notation: Treble clef, G-clef, 6/8 time signature, notes on a single staff with lyrics below)

(Musical notation: Treble clef, G-clef, 6/8 time signature, notes on a single staff with lyrics below)

heate into my heart is flowne
cruell and vnstedfast growne:

For nature cald for by distressed heartes, neg-

(Musical notation: Treble clef, G-clef, 6/8 time signature, notes on a single staff with lyrics below)

(Musical notation: Treble clef, G-clef, 6/8 time signature, notes on a single staff with lyrics below)

lects, & quite for

sakes

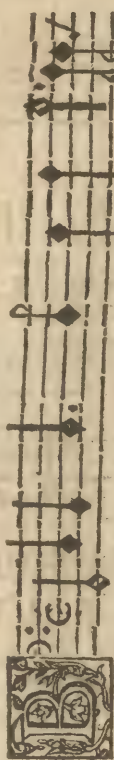
the outward partes.

(Musical notation: Treble clef, G-clef, 6/8 time signature, notes on a single staff with lyrics below)

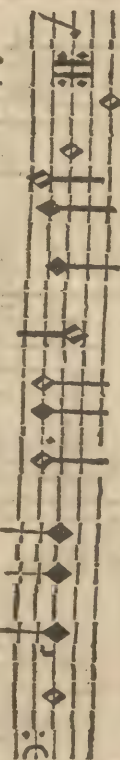
2

But they whose cheekes with carelesse bloud are staine,
Nurse not one sparke of loue within their hearts,
And when they wooe, they speake with passion faine,
For their fat loue lies in their outward parts:
But in their brest, where loue his Court should holde,
Poore Cupid sits, and blowes his nayles for colde.

BASSVS.



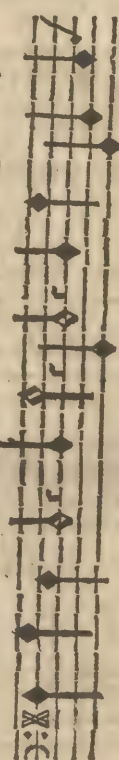
Lame not My cheekes, though pale with loue they
To cherish that which is dismaide by



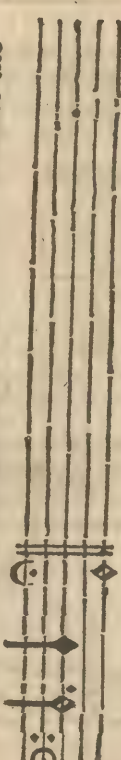
bee, the kindly heate into my heart is flowne,
thee who art so cruell and vnstedfast growne:



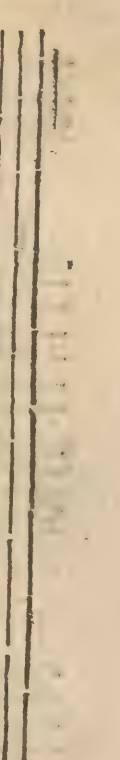
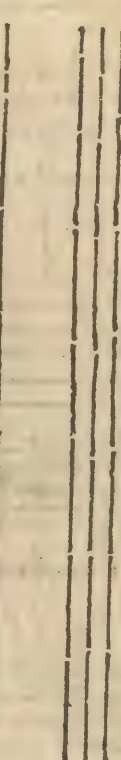
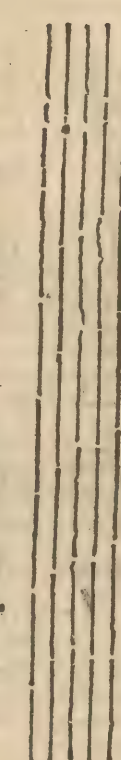
For nature cald for by distressed heartes, neglectes,



and quite forsakes, and quite .ii. .ii. forsakes the



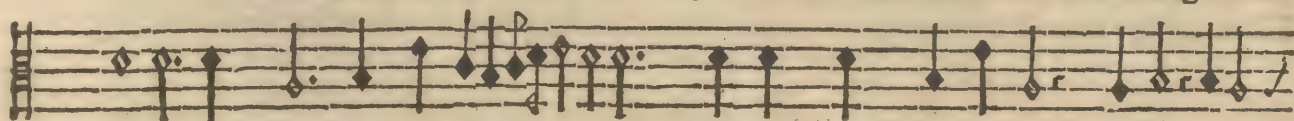
outward parts.



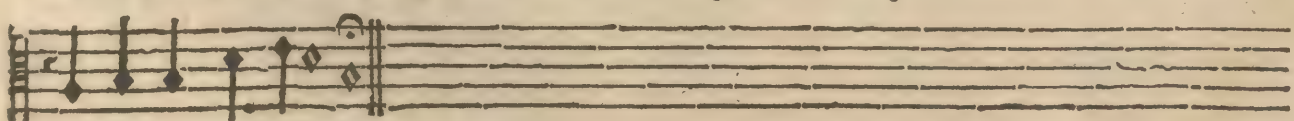
TENOR.



Lame not my cheekes, though pale with loue they be, the kindly heat into my hart is flown
To cherish that which is dismaide by thee, who art so cruell and vnstedfast growne.



For nature cald for by distressed heartes, neglectes, and quite forsakes, forsakes .ii.



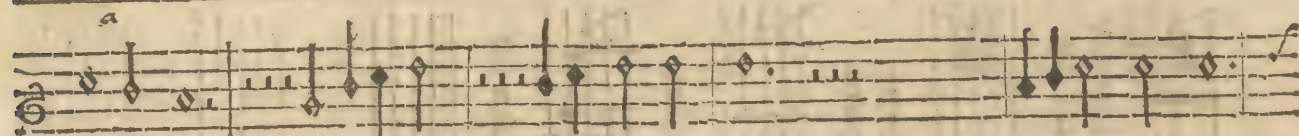
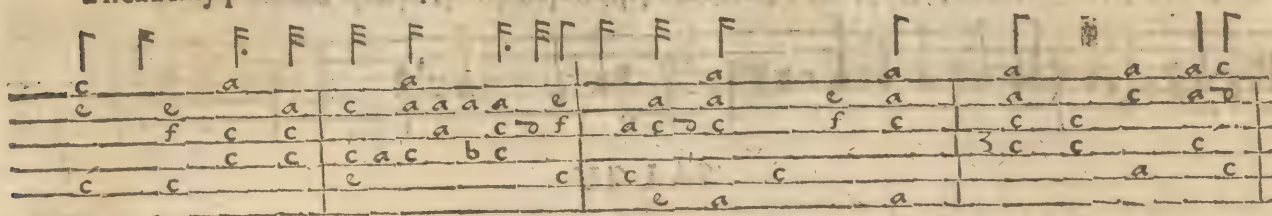
forsakes the outward parts.



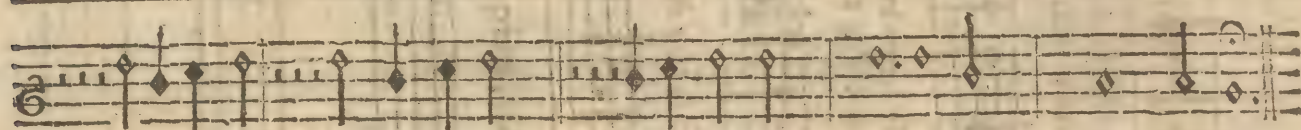
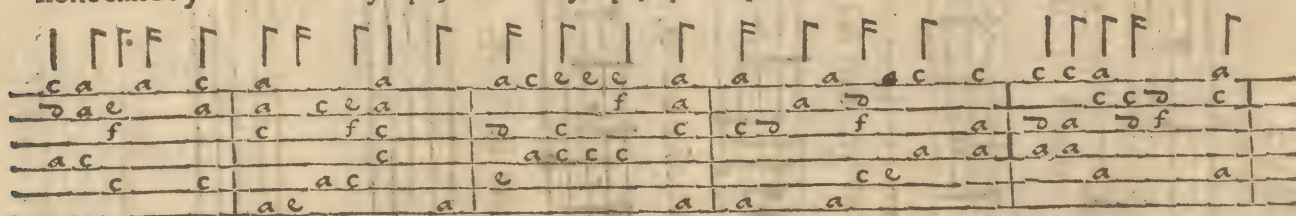
Here is a Garden in her face, where Roses and white Lillies grow,



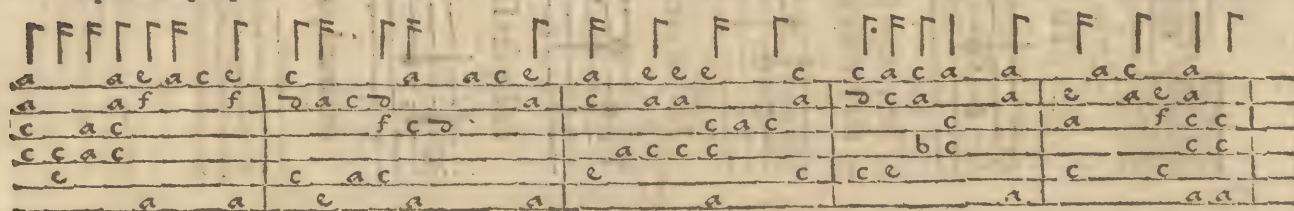
a heauenly paradise is that place where-in these pleafat fruits do flow, There cheries grow which



none can buy till chery ripe, chery ripe, ripe ripe .ii.



ripe, chery ripe, .ii. chery ripe, ripe, ripe them selues do crye.



2 These cheries fairely do inclose
Of Orient Pearle a double rowe,
Which when her louely laughter shoves,
They looke like Rose buds fild with snowe:
Yet them no Peere nor Prince may buy,
Till chery ripe themselves do crye.

3 Her eyes like Angels watch them still,
Her browes like bended bowes do stand
Threatning with piercing shaftes to kill
All that presume with eye or hand
Those sacred cheries to come nie,
Till chery ripe themselves do crye.

A large, ornate initial letter 'F' in a dark ink. The letter is filled with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns. The background of the page is a light, textured parchment. The letter is positioned at the beginning of a line of text, which is written in a Gothic script. The text is in a dark ink, matching the color of the initial. The overall style is characteristic of a 15th-century manuscript.

Here is a garden in her face, where roses

and white lilies grow, a heavenly Paradiſe, is that place

wherein these pleasant fruites doe flow, there cherries.

grow, which none can buy, till chery, ripe, ripe, chery

ripe, ripe, ripe, ripe, ii.
ripe cherries, ripe,

themselves do

cherie, ii.

crye.

TENOR.

Here is a garden in her face, where roses and white lilies grow, a heavenly Paradise, is

that place wherein these pleasant fruites doe flow, there cherries grow, which none can buy, till

cherie ripe, .ii.

cheric ripe,ripe,ripe

iii

ripe, cherry ripe .ii.

ripe, ii.

cheric, .ii. ripe,ripe, .ii.

iii.

ripe themselves doe crie.

ALTS.

Here is a garden in her face, where Roses and white Lillies grow, a heavenly paradise is

that place, wherein the pleasant fruites doe flow, there Cherries grow, which none can buye, till

[illegible]

chery, ii. chery, ii. ii. themlues doe cric.



Weete loue my onely treasure, for seruice long vnfa-

ee e c e f e c c a c b
ff f a a f f c c a c c
c b c a c a c c e a c e

ned wherein I nought haue gained, vouchsafe this little pleasure, to tell mee in what

ca e a c a a a c c c c a a a a
cc ac c c a c c c a c c f f a c c f c
ac a c e a c e c e c b c c c c a c e

part my Lady keeps my heart.

ca a a a a a a
cc e a a c c c a c c c c c
ca a c c a c a

²
 If in her haire so slender,
 Like golden nets vntwined,
 Which fire and arte haue fined:
 Her thrall my hart I render
 For euer to abide,
 With lockes so daintie tide.

³
 If in her eyes she bind it,
 Wherein that fire was framed,
 By which it is inflamed,
 I dare not looke to finde it,
 I onely wish it sight,
 To see that pleasant light.

⁴
 But if her brest haue dained
 With kindnesse to receiue it,
 I am content to leaue it,
 Though death thereby were gained:
 Then Lady take your owne,
 That liues for you alone.

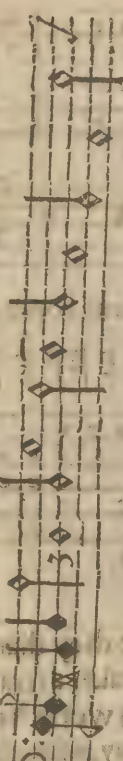
BASSVS.



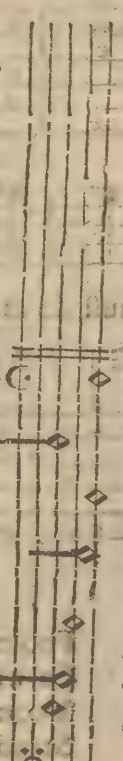
Weet loue mine onely treasure, for serui



long vnfaired, wherein I nought haue gained, vouchsafe

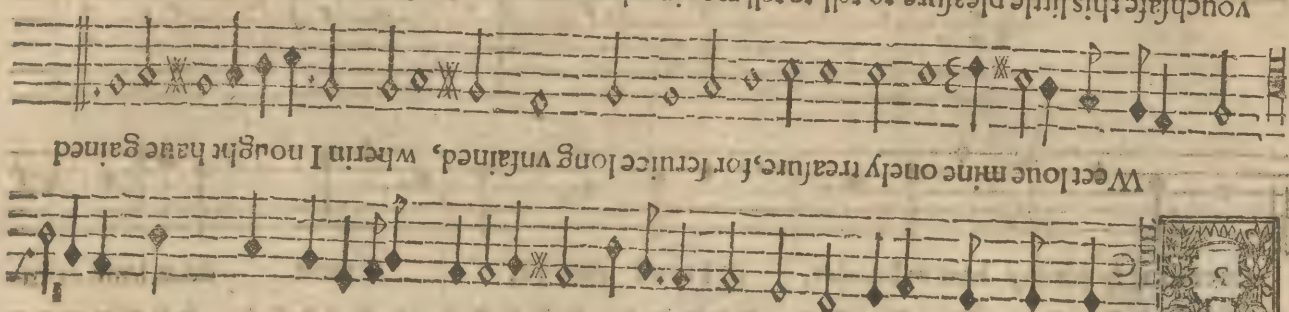


this little pleasure, to tell, to tell mee in what part, my



Lady keepses my heart, my heart.

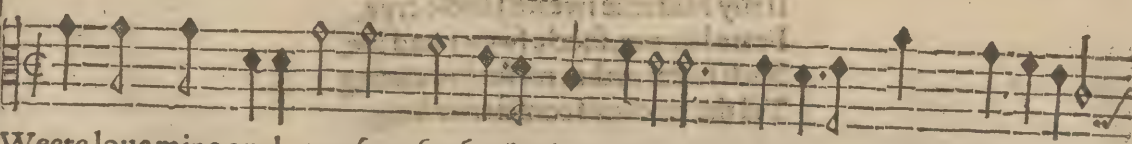
ALVS.



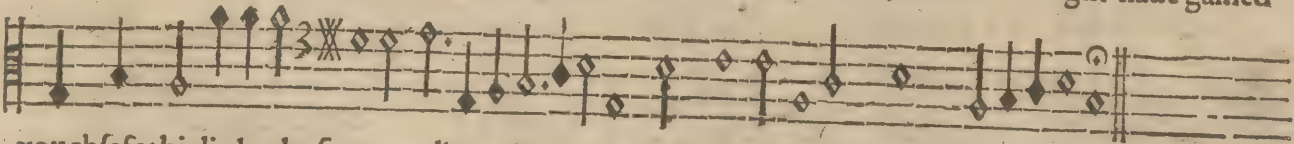
Weet loue mine onely treasure, for serui

long vnfaired, wherein I nought haue gained, vouchsafe this little pleasure, to tell, to tell mee in what part, my Lady keepses my heart.

TENOR.



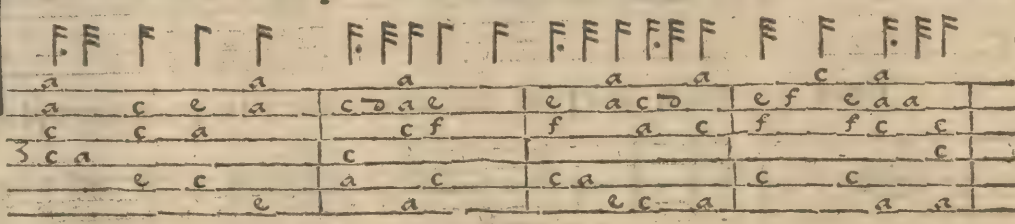
Weete loue mine onely treasure, for serui



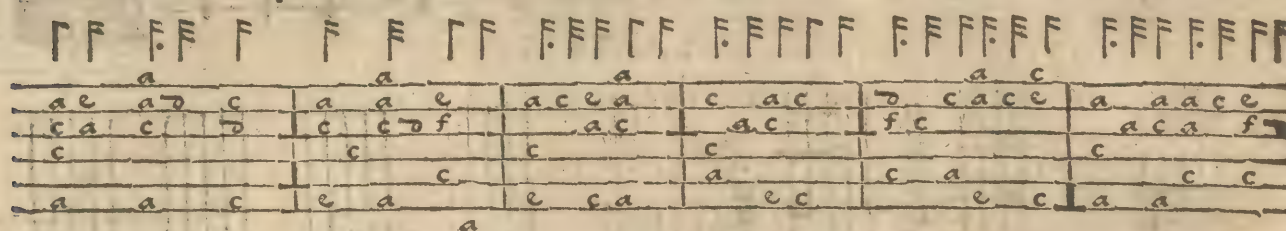
long vnfaired, wherein I nought haue gained, vouchsafe this little pleasure, to tell, to tell mee in what part, my Lady keepses my heart.



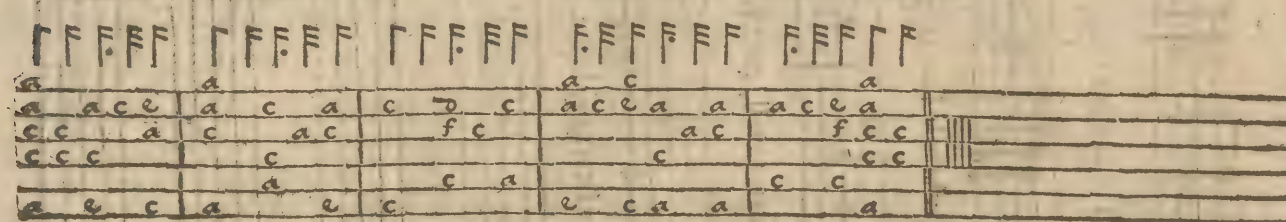
Hinkst thou Kate to put me downe with a no, or with a frowne,



since loue holds my hart in bandes, I must doe .ii. I must do as loue com-



maunds I must do .ii. I must do as loue commands.

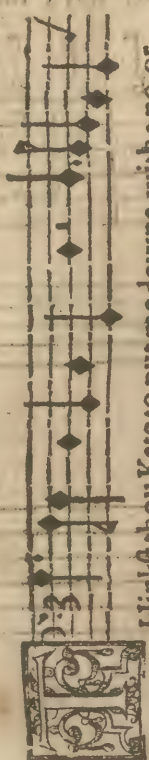


²
Loue commaundes the hands to dare,
When the tongue of speech is spare:
Chieftest lesson in lous Schoole
Put it in aduerture foole.

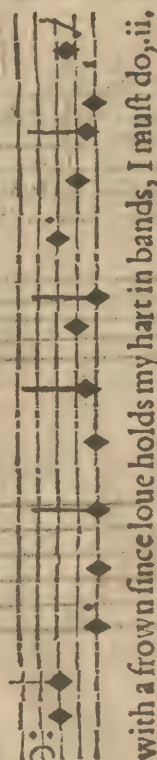
³
Foolles are they that fainting flinch
For a squeake, a scratch, a pinch,
Womens words haue double sence:
Stand away, a simple fence.

⁴
If thy Mistresse sweare sheele crye,
Feare her not, sheele sweare and lye,
Such sweet oathes no sorrowe bring
Till the pricke of conscience sting.

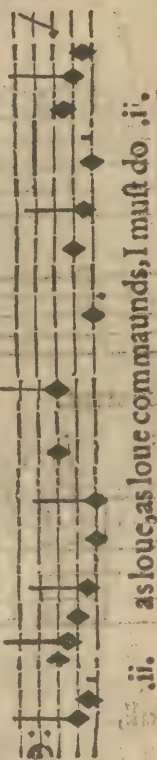
BASSVS.



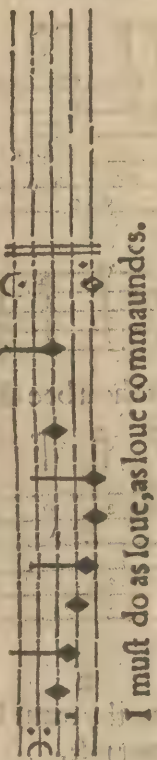
Hinkst thou Kate to put me downe, with a no, or



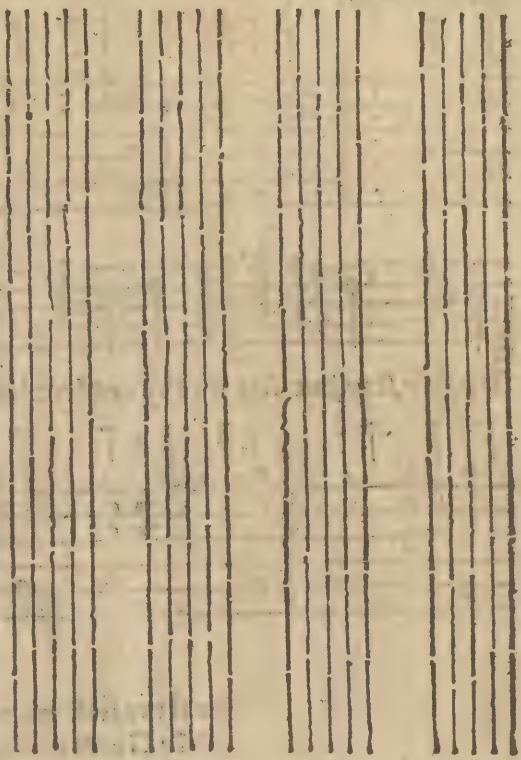
with a frown since loue holds my hart in bands, I must do, .ii.



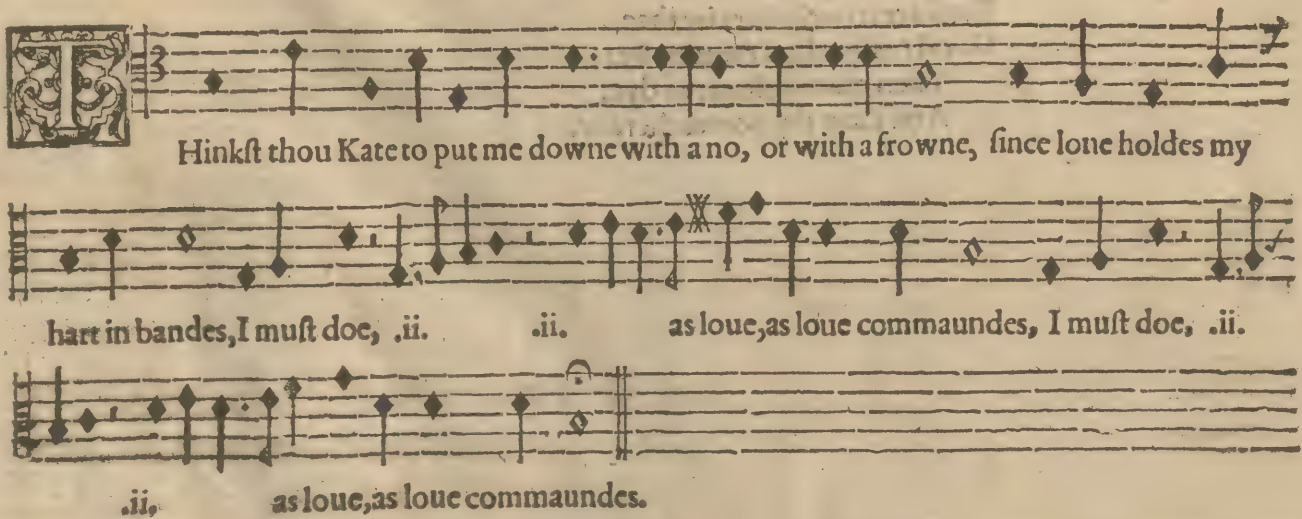
.ii. as loue, as loue commaundes, I must do .ii.



I must do as loue, as loue commaundes.

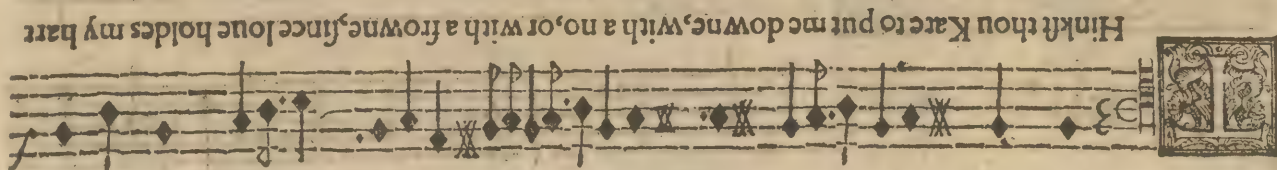


TENOR.

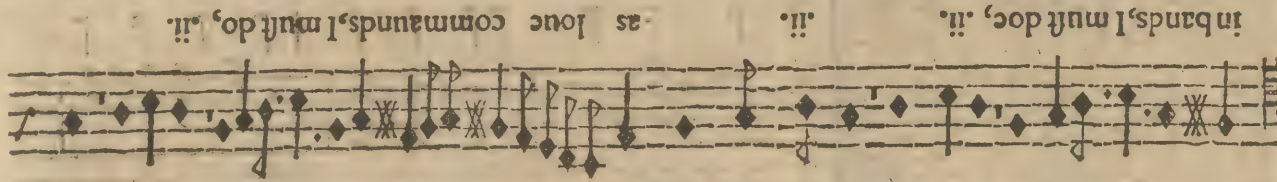


Hinkst thou Kate to put me downe with a no, or with a frowne, since loue holds my
 hart in bandes, I must doe, .ii. .ii. as loue, as loue commaundes, I must doe, .ii.
 .ii. as loue, as loue commaundes.

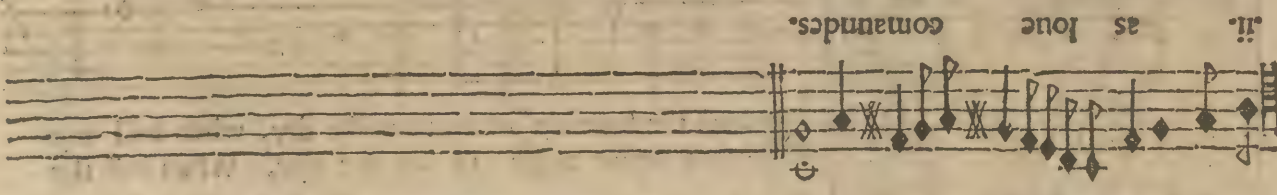
ALTS.



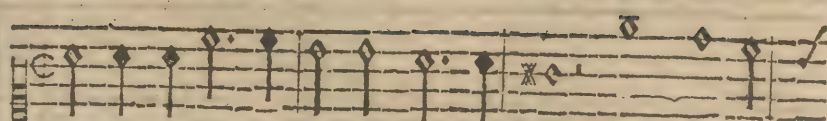
Hinkst thou Kate to put me downe, with a no, or with a frowne, since loue holds my hart



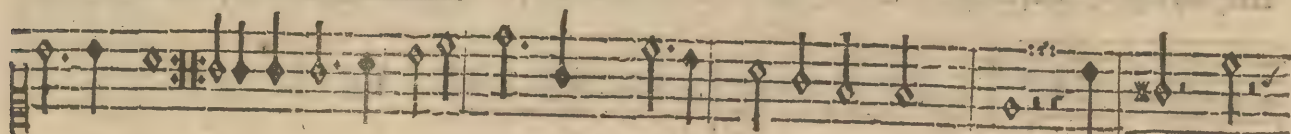
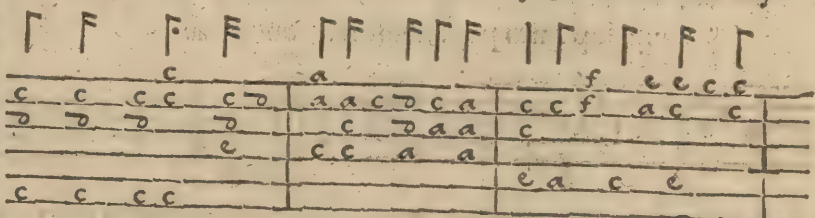
in bands, I must doe, .ii. .ii. as loue commaundes, I must do, .ii.



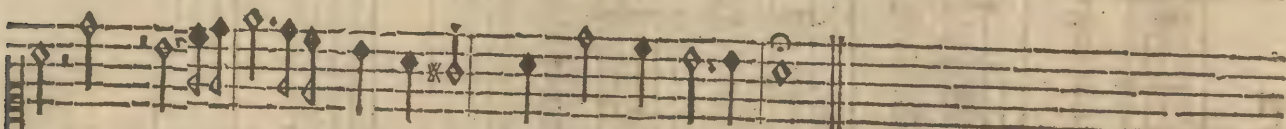
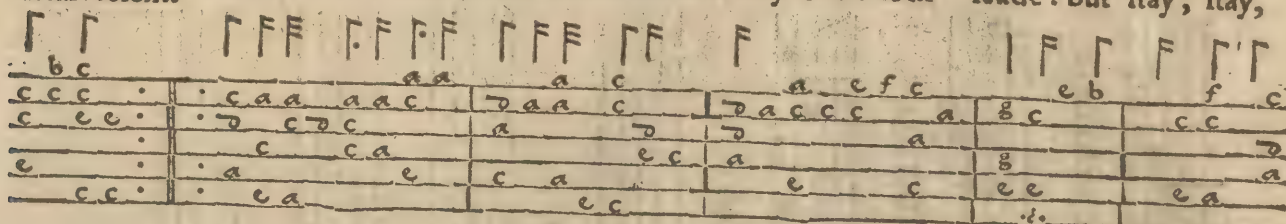
.ii. as loue commaundes.



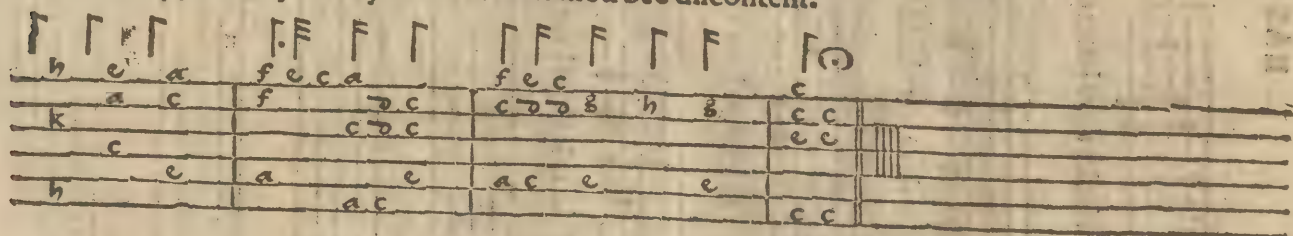
Hen wil the fountain of my teares be dry, when will my
When wil desire agree to let me dye, when will thy



sighs be spent:
heart relent: It is not for my life I plead, since death the way to rest doth leade: but stay, stay,

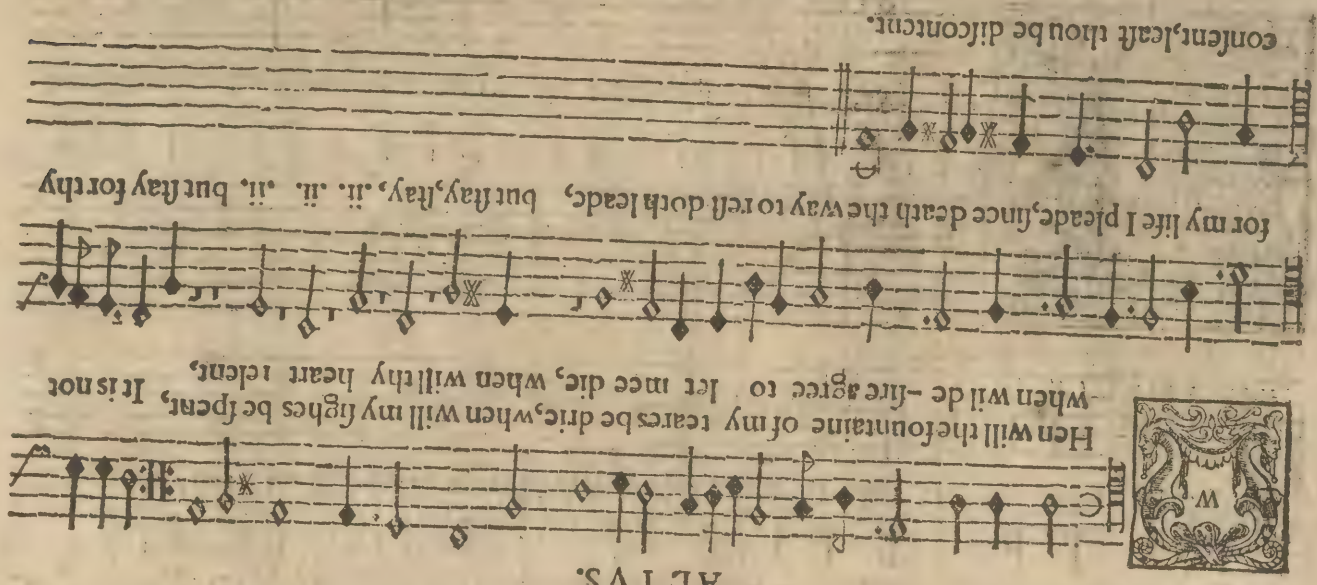


stay, stay, stay, but stay for thy consent least thou bee discontent.



2
For if my selfe without thy leaue I kill,
My Ghost will neuer rest,
So hath it sworne to worke thine onely will,
And holde sit euer best.
For since it onely liues by thee,
Good reason thou the ruler be:
Then giue me leaue to dye,
And shew thy power thereby.

When will the fountaine of my teares be drie, when will my sighes be spent, It is not
 when will de-fire agree to let mee die, when will thy heart relent,
 for my life I pleade, since death the way to rest doth leade, but stay, stay, .ii. .ii. stay for thy
 consent, least thou be discontent.

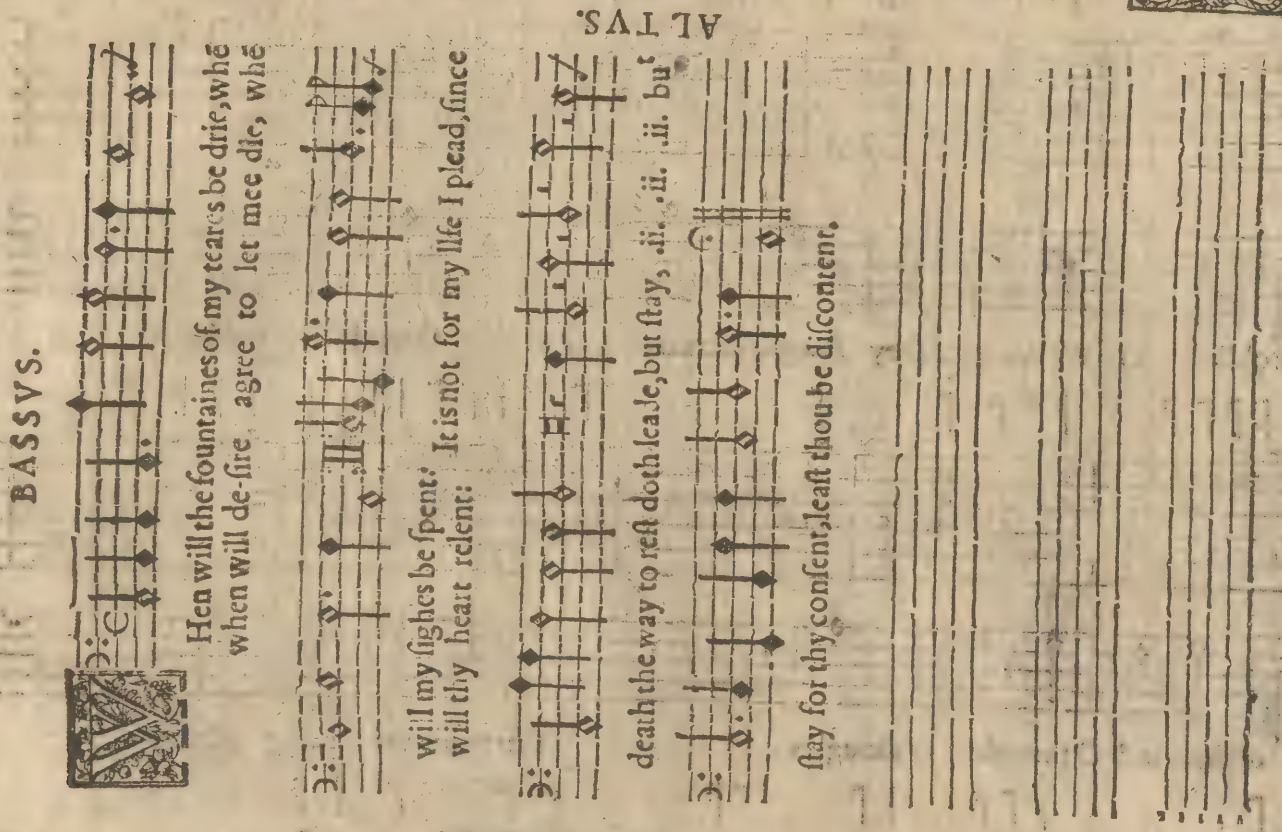


BASSVS.

When will the fountaines of my teares be drie, whe
 when will de-fire agree to let mee die, whe

will my sighes be spent: It is not for my life I plead, since
 will thy heart relent:

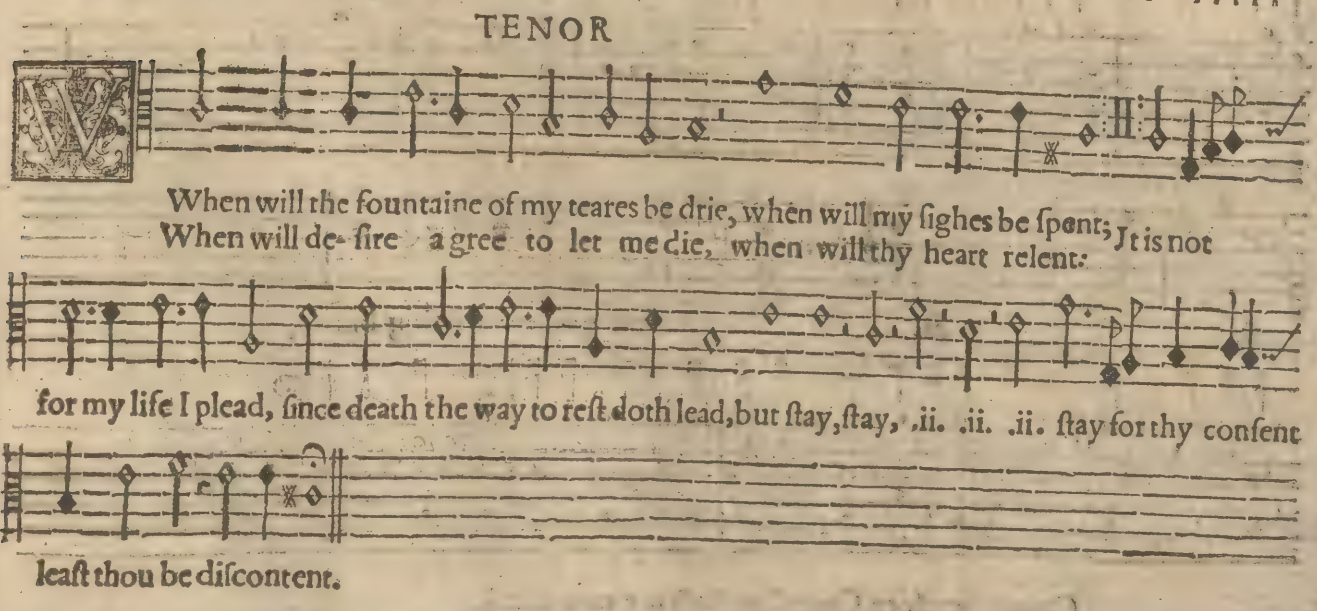
death the way to rest doth leade, but stay, .ii. .ii. bu
 stay for thy consent, least thou be discontent.



TENOR

When will the fountaine of my teares be drie, when will my sighes be spent; It is not
 When will de-fire agree to let mee die, when will thy heart relent:

for my life I plead, since death the way to rest doth lead, but stay, stay, .ii. .ii. stay for thy consent
 least thou be discontent.





Lyc, flyc flyc from the world O flythou poor distrest, where

(Musical notation: Treble and Bass staves with notes and lute tablature below)

thy diseased sence infectes thy soule and wher thy thoughts do multiply vn - rest,

(Musical notation: Treble and Bass staves with notes and lute tablature below)

troubling with wishes what they straight controule O worlde, O world O worlde betrayers

(Musical notation: Treble and Bass staves with notes and lute tablature below)

of the mind O thoughts O thoughts that guide vs being blinde

(Musical notation: Treble and Bass staves with notes and lute tablature below)

ii. *iii.* that guides vs being blinde,

(Musical notation: Treble and Bass staves with notes and lute tablature below)

Come therefore Care Conduet me to my end,
 And steere this shipwracke Carcase to the graue:
 My sighes a strong and stedfast wind will lende,
 Teares wet the sayles, repentance from rockes saue,
 Haile death, haile death, the land I do descry,
 Strike sayle, go soule, rest follows them that dye:

being blinde, .ii. guide vs being blind, .ii. straight controule, O world, .ii. betrayers of the mind, O thoughts that guide vs being blind, that infects thy soule, and where thy thoughts doe multiply vnrest, troubling with wishes, what they

Lye, Flye, Flye from the world, O flye thou poore disrest, where thy diseased sence in-

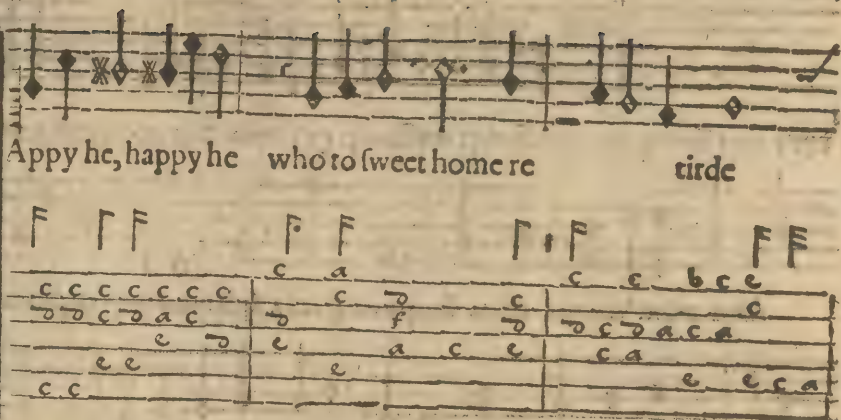
BASSVS.

Lie, flye from the world, O flye thou poore disrest, where thy diseased sence infects thy soule and where thy thoughts doe multiple vnrest, troubling with wishes, what they straight controule, Controule O world .ii. betrayers of the mind, of the minde, O thoughts, .ii. that guide vs being blind, .ii. that guide vs being dead.

ALTUS.

TENOR

Lie, flye, O flye, O flye from the world, .ii. where thy diseased sence infects thy soule, infects thy soule, and where thy thoughts doe multiple vnrest, vnrest troubling with wishes, what they straight controule, O world, .ii. betrayers of the mind, O thoughts, .ii. that guide vs being blind, that .ii. being blinde, that .ii. that guide vs being blind, being blind.



shuns glory so ad mirde, and to him selfe liues free whilst he who strius wpride to clim y skies safe

down with foule disgrace, before he rise, be- fore he

2

Let who will,
The Active life commend,
And all his trauels bend,
Earth with his fame to fill.
Such fame so forst, at last dyes with his death,
Which life maintaine by others idle breath,

3

My delightes
To dearest home confinde,
Shall there make good my mind:
Not Awde with fortunes spights.
High trees heauen blastes, windes shake, and honors sel,
When lowly places, long time in safetie dwell.

4

All I can
My worldly strife shall be
They one day, say of me,
He dyde a good old man
On his sad soule, a heauy burden lies,
Who knowne to all, yknowne to himselfe dyes.

BASSVS.

Appy he, most happy he who to sweet: home
 re- tirde, shuns glory so admirde, and to him selfe
 liues free, whilst he who strives with pride to clime the
 skies, falles downe with fowle disgrace, before he rise,
 before he rise.

ALTS.

Appy he, happy he, who to sweete home retirde, shuns glorie so
 admirde, and to him selfe liues free, whilst he who strives with pride to clime the skies, falles downe
 with fowle disgrace, before he rise, before he rise.

TENOR.

Appy he, happy he, who to sweet home retirde, shuns glory so admirde, and to him
 selfe liues free, whilst he who strives with pride to clime the skies, with pride to clime the skies, falles
 downe with fowle disgrace before he rise, before hee rise.



The illustration on the left shows two figures. The figure on the left is a woman in a long dress, holding a shield with the letter 'D' on it. The figure on the right is a man in a long dress, holding a staff. The musical score on the right is written on a single staff with a large initial 'D' at the beginning. The text of the score is: "Ildaine that so doth fil me, hath surely sworne to kill mee, and I must".

dye: Desire that still doth burne me, to life againe wil turne me, and liue must

kill me the disdain, that I may liue againe, a- gaine, .ii. liue againe

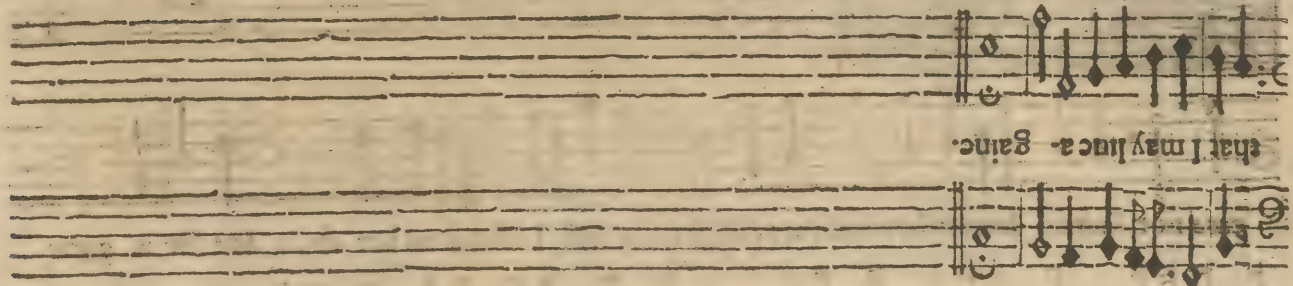
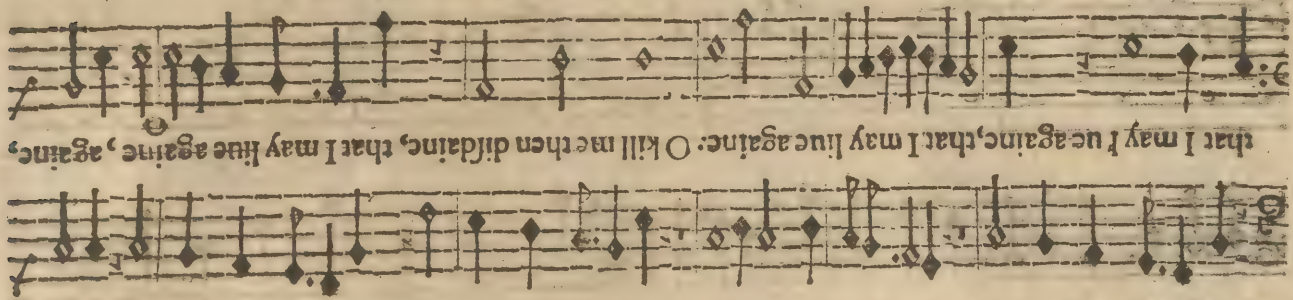
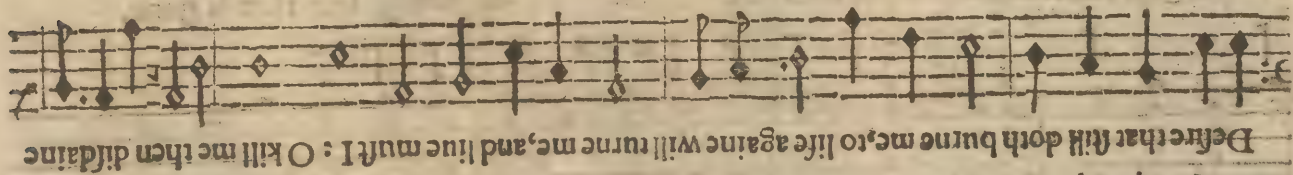
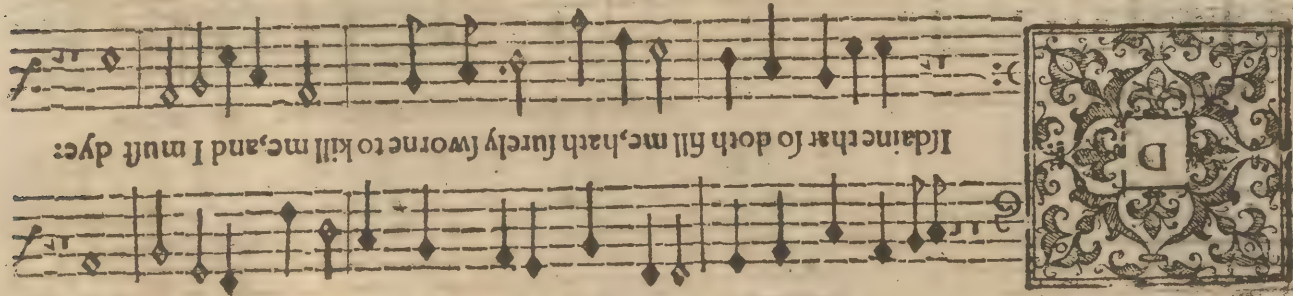
O kil me the disdaine that I may liue againe that It may liue a- gaine.

Thy lookes are life vnto me,
And yet thy lookes vndoo me:
O death and life:
Thy smiles some rest do shew me,
Thy frownes with warre orethrow me:
O peace and strife:
Nor life, nor death is either,
Then giue me both or neither.

3
Life onely cannot ease me,
Death onely cannot please me,
Change is delight:
I liue, that death may kill me,
I dye, that life may fill me,
Both day and night,
If once despaire decay,
Desire will weare away:

SECUNDVS CANTVS.

K

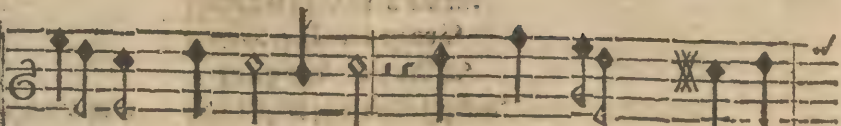


Thy lookes are life vnto me,
And yet thy lookes vndoe me:
O death and life:
Thy smiles some rest do shew me,
Thy frownes with warte oerthrow me:
O peace and strife:
Nor life, nor death is either,
Then giue me both or neither.

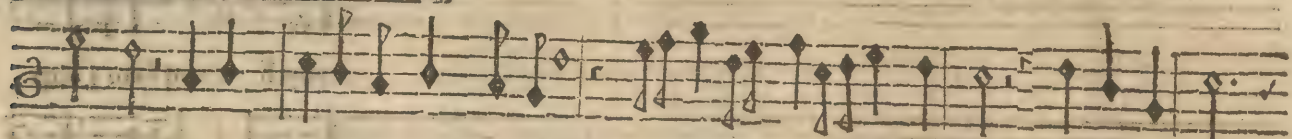
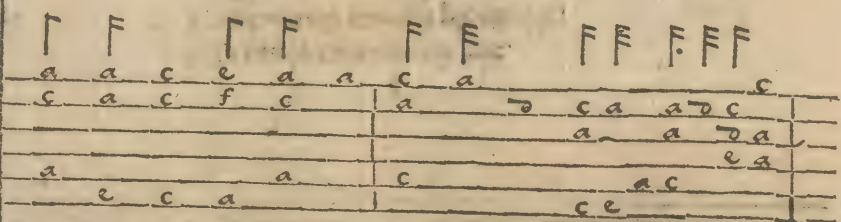
2

Life onely cannot caue me,
Death onely cannot please me,
Change is delight:
I live, that death may kill me,
I dye, that life may fill me,
Both day and night,
If once despaire decay,
Desire will weare away:

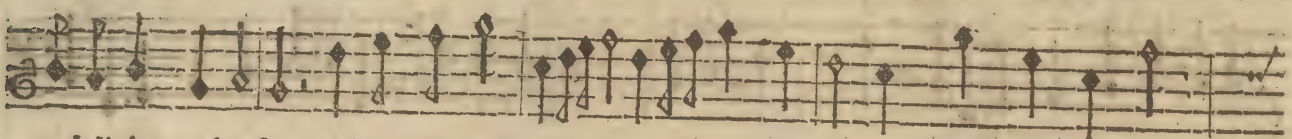
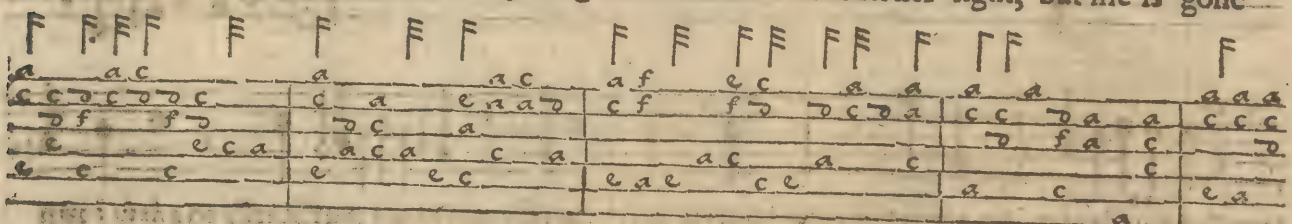
3



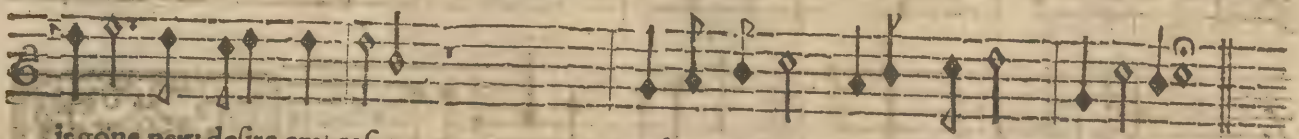
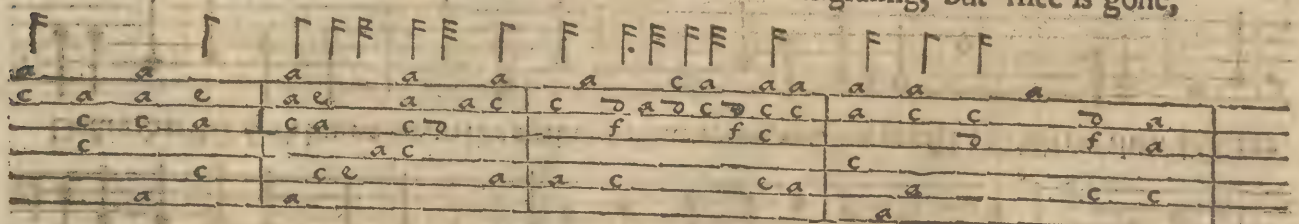
Ow let her change & spare not since shee proues strange I



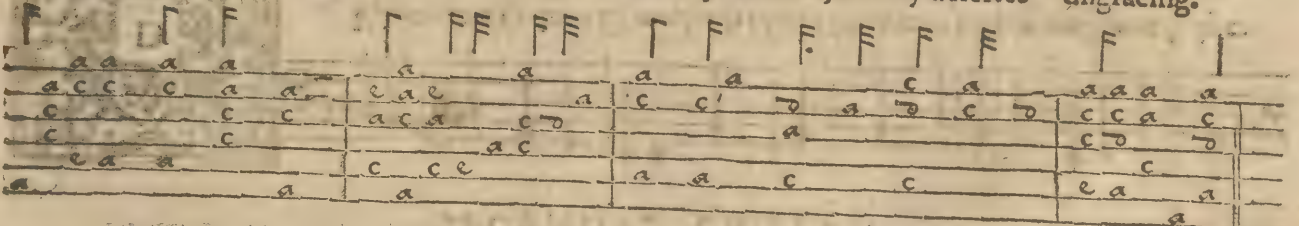
care not, Fained loue so bewicht my delight, that still I doted on her sight, but she is gone



new delights embrasing, and my desertes .ii. .ii. disgrasing, but shee is gone,



is gone, new desire embrasing and my desertes, and my desertes disgracing.



2 When did I erre in blindnesse,
Or vexe her with vnkindnesse?
If my heart did attend her alone,
Why is she thus vnrimely gone?
True loue abides to the day of dying,
False loue is euer flying.

3 Thou false farewell for euer,
Once false proues faithfull neuer:
He that now so triumphes in thy loue,
Shall soone my present fortunes proue:
Were he as fayre as Adonis,
Faith is not had where none is.

2 When did I erre in blindness
 Or vexe her with vnkindnes?
 If my heart did attend her alone,
 Why is she thus vntimely gone?
 True loue abides to the day of dying.
 False loue is euer flying.

3 Thou false farewell for euer,
 Once false proues faithfull neuer,
 He that now so triumphes in thy loue,
 Shall soone my present fortunes proue,
 Were he as faire as Adonis,
 Faith is not had, where none is.

terres, and my desires, and my desires digressing.

braling, and my desires, and my desires digressing, but she is gone, new desire imbracing & my de-

witch my delight, that still I doted on her sight, but shee is gone, is gone, new desires im-

Or let her change and spare not, since she proues stragg, I care not, fained loue to be

SECUNDVS CANTVS.

K 2



Ince first dis- daine beganne to rise and crye re- uenge for

spightfull wrong what erst I praisde I now despise, and thinke my loue was to too long.

I treade in durt that scornefull pride which in thy looks I haue discride .∴ thy


beautie is a painted skinne for fooles to see their faces in thy beauty is a

painted skinne a painted skin for fooles to see their faces in.

Thine eyes that some as stars esteeme,
 From whence themselues, they say take light,
 Like to the foolish fire I deeme,
 That leades men to their death by night.
 Thy words and oathes as light as wind,
 And yet far lighter is thy mind:
 Thy friendship is a broken reed:
 That sales thy friends in greatest need.

SECUNDVS CANTVS.

7



Ince iust didaine, beganne to rise and crye re-venge for spightfull wrong

what erst I praisde, I now despise and think my loue was all to long, I treade in

dur that scornfull pride, which in thy looke I haue deride, Thy beautie is a painted

skinn, a painted skinn, for foolcs to see their faces in, Thy beauty is a

painted skinn, for foolcs to see their faces in.

Thine eyes that some as flars esteeme,
From whence the mullets, they say take light,
Like to the foolish fire I deeme,
That leades men to their death by night.
Thy words and oaths as light as wind,
And yet as light is thy mind:
Thy friendship is a broken reed:
That fales thy friends in greauest need.

The is most faire, .ii.
 though thee be marble harted.
 O no no no no
 say, shall she goe? .ii.
 O no no no no
 yet still my loue is thwarted, .ii.
 hart let her goe, .ii.
 for shee le not be converted
 T her faire hands how haue I grace intreated, with prayers oft repeated



SECUNDVS CANTVS.

- 4 But shall I still a true affection beare her,
 Which prayers, sighes, teares do shew her?
 And shall she still disdain me?
 Heart let her goe, if they no grace can gaine me,
 Say, shall she goe?
 O no, no, no, no, no:
 She made me hers, and hers she will retaine me.
- 5 But if the loue that hath, and still doth burne me
 No loue at length returne me:
 Out of my thoughts Ile set her:
 Hart let her goe, O, heart I pray thee let her,
 Say, shall she goe?
 O no, no, no, no:
 Fixt in the heart, how can the heart forget her.
- 6 But if I weepe and sigh, and often wayle me,
 Till teares, sighes, prayers faile me,
 Shall yet my loue perseuer?
 Heart let her goe, if she will right thee neuer:
 Say, shall she goe?
 O no, no, no, no, no:
 Tears, sighes, prayers faile, but true loue lasteth euer.



Et haue I muz'd the cause to finde, why loue, why loue in

aa a a a ca a c c c c c e a c c c a c a

ac ca a c c c a f d a c a a c c e c c a a c

c c c c a c c c a a c c e a c c e

a a

Ladies eyes shuld dwel, I thought because him selfe was blinde hee lookt, hee lookt

aa a a a ca a c c c c c e a c c

ac ca a c c c a f d a c a a c c e c

c c c c a c c c a a c c e a c c

a a

ii. that they shuld guide him wel, And sure his hope but seldome failes, for loue by

aa a a a ca a c c c c c e a c c

ac ca a c c c a f d a c a a c c e c

c c c c a c c c a a c c e a c c

a a

Ladies eyes preuails, And sure his hope but seldome failes: For loue by Ladies

aa a a a ca a c c c c c e a c c

ac ca a c c c a f d a c a a c c e c

c c c c a c c c a a c c e a c c

a a

eyes pre- uails.

aa a a a ca a c c c c c e a c c

ac ca a c c c a f d a c a a c c e c

c c c c a c c c a a c c e a c c

a a

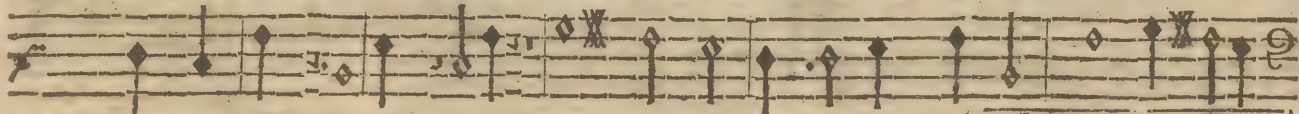
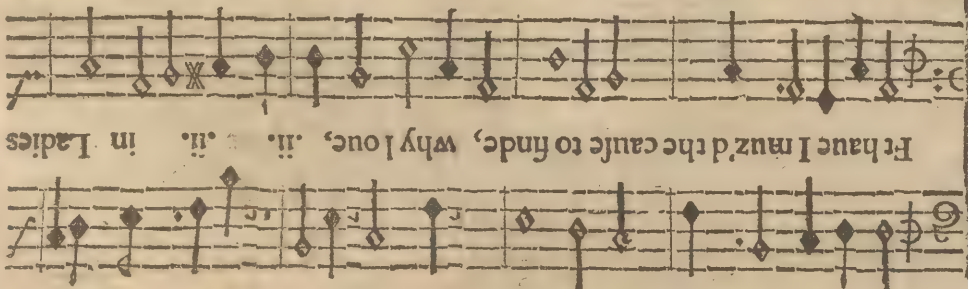
2 But time at last hath taught me wit,
Although I bought my wit full deare:
For by her eyes my heart is hit,
Deepe is the wound, though none appeare,
Their glancing beames, as dartes he throwes,
And sure he hath no shaftes but those.

3 I muz'd to see their eyes so bright,
And little thought they had beene fire.
I gaz'd vpon them with delight,
But that delight hath bred desire:
What better place can loue require,
Then that where growe both shaftes and fires,

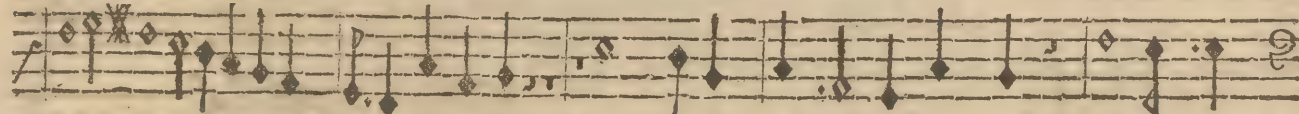
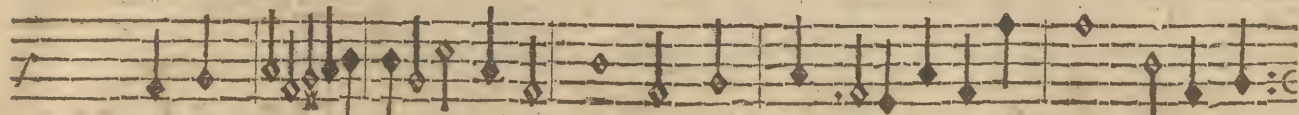
SECUNDVS CANTVS.

M

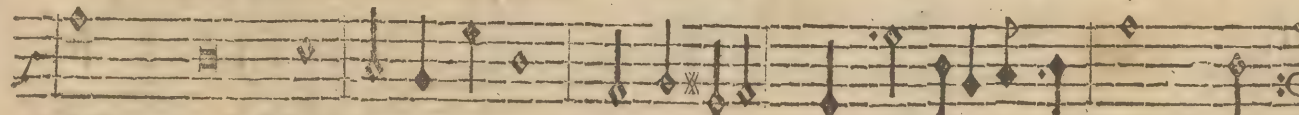
Er haue I muz'd the cause to finde, why Ioue, iii. in Ladies



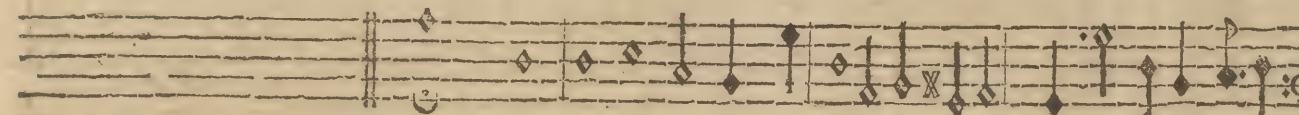
eyes should dwell, I thought because himselfe was blinde, hee lookt that they should



guide him well: And sure his hope but seldom failes, for Ioue by Ladies eyes pre- uales



And sure his hope but seldom failes, for Ioue by Ladies eyes preuales.



2 But time at last hath taught me wit,

Although I bought my wit full deare:

For by her eyes my heart is hit,

Deepe is the wound, though none appeare,
Their glancing beames, as darts he throwes,

And sure he hath no shaftes but those.

3 I muz'd to see their eyes so bright,

And little thought they had beene fire.

I gaz'd vpon them with delight,

But that delight hath bred desire,

What better place can Ioue require,

Then that where growe both shaftes and fire?



Ow haue I learnd with much adoo at last by true disdain to

(Musical notation: Treble clef, G-clef, 6/8 time signature, with various note values and rests.)

(Lute tablature: Letters a, b, c, d, e, f, g on a six-line staff.)

kill desire: this was the marke at which I shot, so fast vnto this height I did aspire, proud

(Musical notation and lute tablature continue.)

loue : .ii. proud loue now do thy worst & spare not for thee

(Musical notation and lute tablature continue.)

for thee for thee & all thy shaftes I care not: proud loue, proud loue

(Musical notation and lute tablature continue.)

.ii. now do thy worst & spare not: for thee, .ii. .ii. and all thy shaftes I care not.


(Musical notation and lute tablature continue.)

2 What hast thou left wherewith to moue my minde?
 What life to quicken dead desire?
 I count thy words and oathes as light as winde,
 I feele no heate in all thy fire.
 Go change thy bow and get a stronger,
 Go breake thy shaftes and buy thee longer.

3 In vaine thou baitst thy hooke with beauties blaze,
 In vaine thy wanton eyes allure,
 These are but toyes for them that loue to gaze,
 I know what harme thy looks procure:
 Some strange conceit must be deuise'd,
 Or thou and all thy skill despis'd.

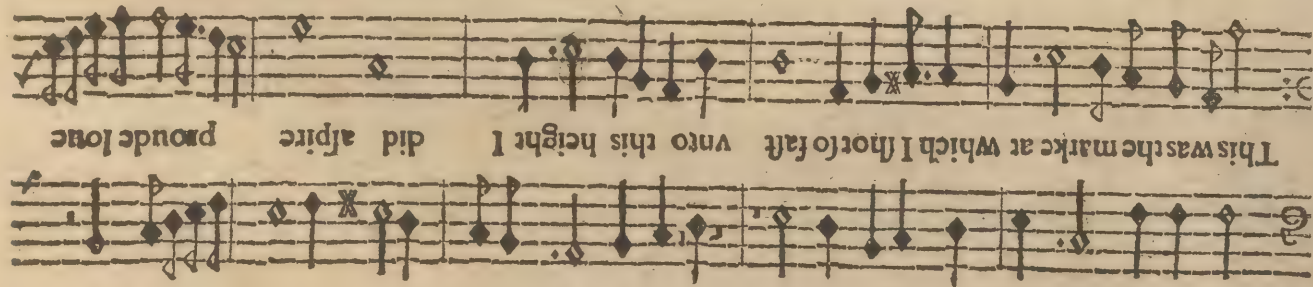
FINIS.

SECUNDVS CANTVS.

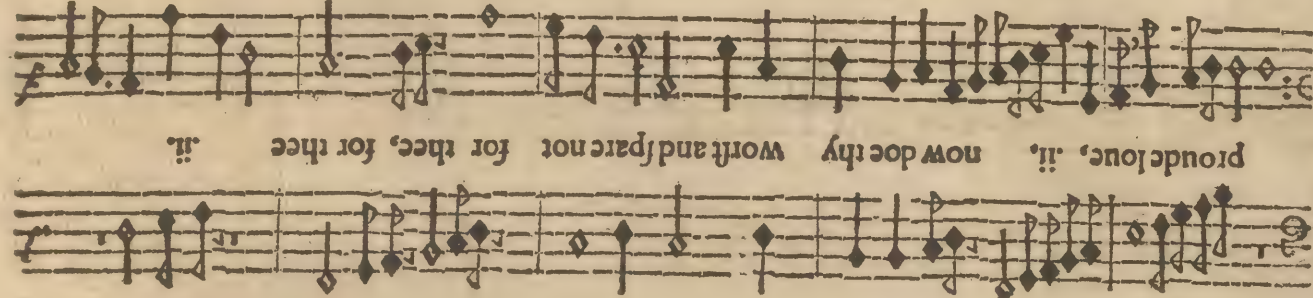


Ow haue I leard, with much adoe at last, by true disdaine to kil desire

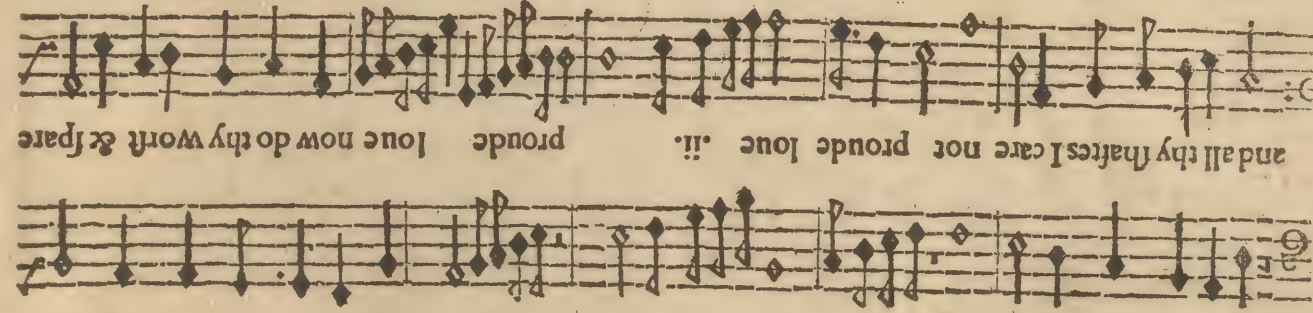
This was the mark at which I shot to fast vnto this height I did aspire proude loue



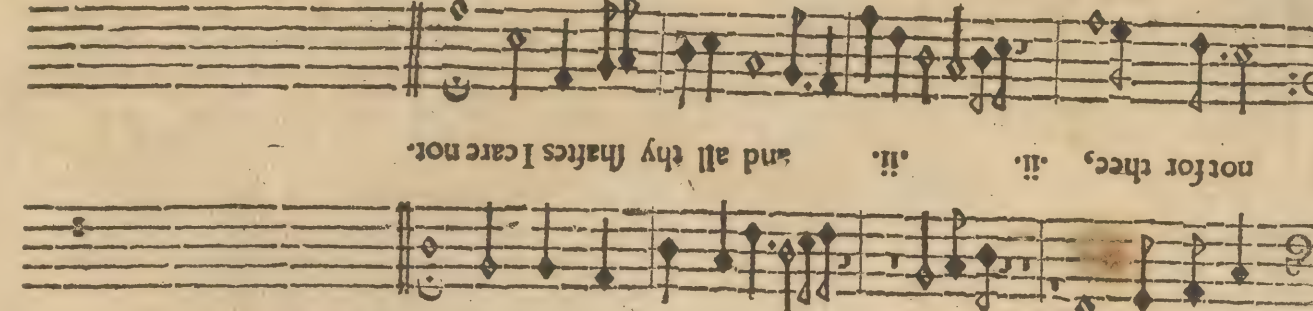
proude loue, ii. now doe thy wort and spare not for thee, for thee ii.



and all thy shafes I care not proude loue ii. proude loue now do thy wort & spare



not for thee, ii. and all thy shafes I care not.



What hast thou left wherewith to moue thy mind, In vaine thou bailest thy hooke with beautes blaze
 What life to quicken dead desire:
 I count thy words and oathes as light as wind,
 I feele no heate in all thy fire.
 Goe change thy bow and get a stronger,
 Goe breake thy shafes, and buye thee longer.
 FINIS
 Or thou and all thy skill despide.
 Some strange conceit must be deuilde,
 I know what harme thy lookes procure,
 These are but royes for them that loue to gaze,
 In vaine thy wanton eyes allure:

